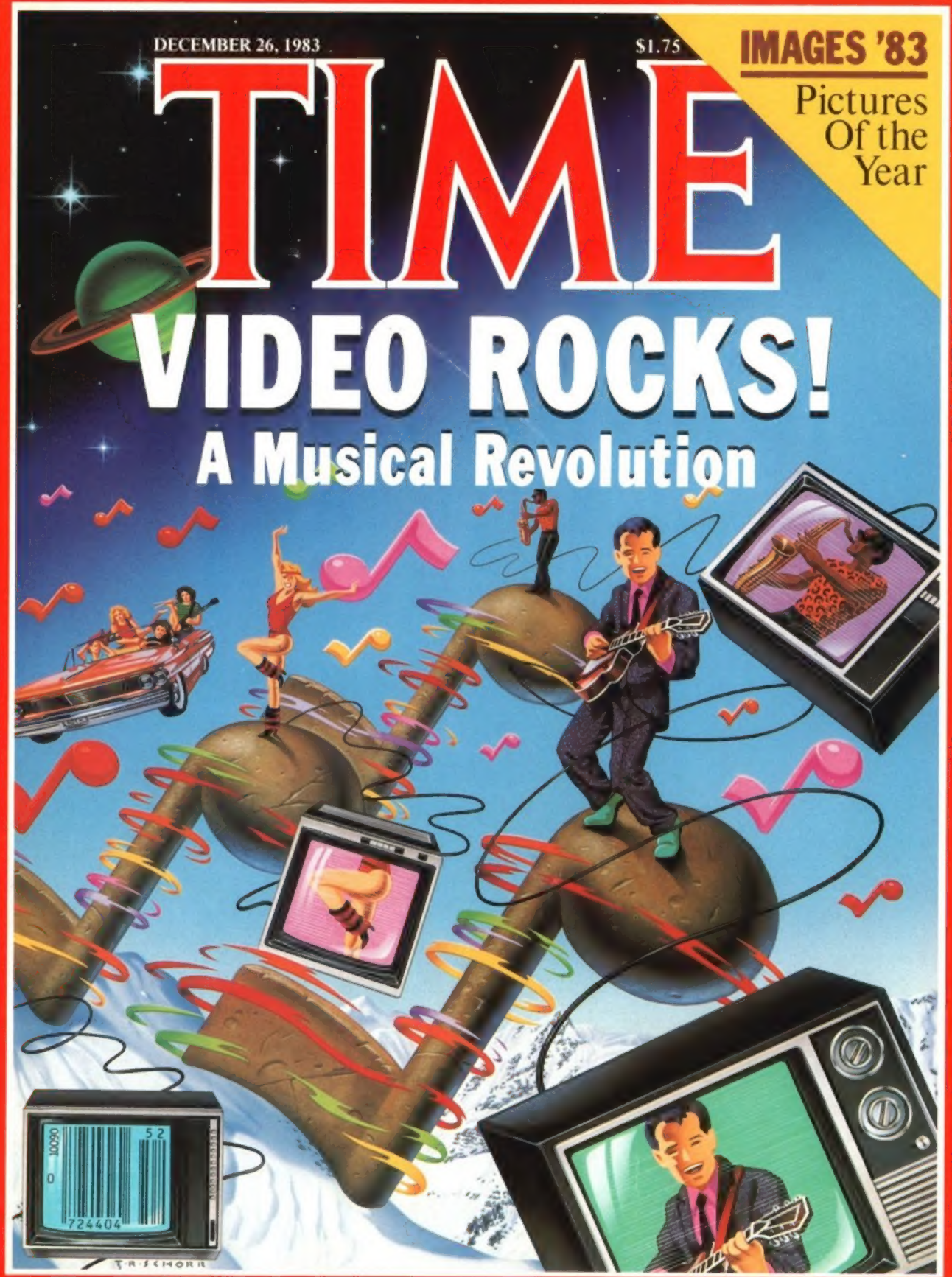
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DECEMBER 26, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 27

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Approximately 80 photographs, the majority of them in color, appear in the average issue of TIME. They are picked from among thousands of pictures that Time Inc. processes in its own photo lab, or collects from picture agencies and wire services every week. The goal of the Picture Department, under Editor Arnold Drapkin, is to find the pictures that best depict the persons or events in the stories they accompany. For the last issue of TIME every year, however, the Picture Department undertakes a very different assignment: creating the special section called Images, a portfolio of the year's best photographs. The pictures are chosen not to be helpful supplements to the news, but as superb visual representations in their own right that have the power to convey the sense or mood of an entire story.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Golon and Bentkowski select Images

The selection and presentation of Images '83 was largely done by Special Projects Art Director Tom Bentkowski and Picture Researcher MaryAnne Golon, under the supervision of Executive Editor Ronald Kriss. Says Kriss, who has edited Images for the past five years: "We don't try to be comprehensive. We look first for the best pictures, then for those that illustrate major news events. Fortunately, the best news stories often generate the best pictures."

During the past ten weeks, Golon has looked at more than 20,000 photographs. After reducing this formidable total to 600, she, Bentkowski and Kriss made the final selections for the 22 pages of Images (plus two pages of Farewell obituaries). Says Golon: "It was a little like putting Niagara Falls through a sieve, but working with the world's best pictures is exhilarating."

The quotations that accompany the photographs were the responsibility of Reporter-Researchers Peggy Berman, Zona Sparks and Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov. They culled hundreds of TIME stories, correspondents' files, newspapers and books to find the appropriate words that would convey not only information about, but the ambience of, an event. Says Berman: "You offer a selection of quotations, but always know when you have found exactly the right one."

Bentkowski sums up the total effect of the section: "A photograph, being immediate and specific, theoretically cannot be an abstraction. But these pictures, combined with our visual memories of events from magazines, newspapers and TV, take on the power of abstraction. They tell, in capsule, the story of 1983, a year brilliantly seen through the camera's lens, thanks to the skill—even the genius—of the photographers who took them."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Controlling Arms

To the Editors:

Your story on the behind-the-scenes intrigue at the arms-control talks [Dec. 5] did what *The Day After* did not. It scared the hell out of me. TIME's Strobe Talbott has portrayed a rogues' gallery of players, from the uninterested Ronald Reagan to the arrogant Richard Burt and the devious Richard Perle. I never dreamed I would feel sorry for Paul Nitze and Alexander Haig.

Nicholas M. Meyers
Arlington, Va.

I am sickened, outraged and frightened by the self-serving posturing of U.S. officials at the arms-control talks. These men are taking this nation on an irreversible course to disaster.

Lewis B. O'Neill, S.J.
San Francisco

The time has come to recall President Kennedy's remarks about the Soviet attitude toward negotiations: What is mine is mine; what is yours is negotiable.

Clarence Johnson
Springfield, Ohio

The 1984 presidential election must replace the Reagan policy with an Administration that is committed to honest arms control.

John Collignon
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

It is terrifying to realize that the next war will not be confined to Germany, France or Viet Nam, but will be fought in *our* backyard.

Mike Roberts
Miami

I do not know what can be done to prevent nuclear war. But when I hear our politicians say that everything is under control, I feel like hitting the streets and getting involved.

James M. Soffriti
Norfolk

The U.S. must maintain nuclear superiority over or at least equality with the Soviets. Because we have had a nuclear stockpile, we have been able to exist peacefully with the Soviet Union for the past 30 years. Any position that does not advocate a nuclear balance will make the U.S. vulnerable.

(The Rev.) Mel Perry
Madison, Tenn.

It is not the superpowers that I fear. It is the mindless belligerents like Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and the terrorists who terrify me.

Gerald S. Kupkowski
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

The issue of nuclear disarmament calls for extraordinary, not ordinary, diplomatic measures.

Mitchell Manners
Monsey, N.Y.

Movie Aftermath

ABC's film *The Day After* [Dec. 5] is not a movie. It is a three-hour commercial for the nuclear-freeze movement and free propaganda for the Soviet Union.

James J. Miller
Burkburnett, Texas

The Day After may have been poor drama, but if it shakes people out of their apathy and leads to wider discussion and activism, the film will have provided a great public service.

James R. Paulson
Northfield, Minn.

Nuclear war is more horrible than any conflict it could possibly resolve.

(The Rev.) John William Zehring
Bangor, Me.

If we ban our bombs without the Soviets' banning theirs, *The Day After* will come true, and we will deserve it.

Pete Jamison
Houston

ABC has played into the hands of the Soviets. To prevent war, we must be prepared for war, which means peace through strength. This is a lesson from history.

Tuan Tran
Cheverly, Md.

The Day After's message is clear. War is hell, and America is vulnerable. There is no defense; there is no escape. Survival depends on coexistence and trust.

John Gladwyn Prior
Vernon, B.C.

Those who found *The Day After* too tame should watch the films about the Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors. There were no special effects in those shows.

Andy Stone
Denver

I am a ten-year-old who believes that the people picking on the movie should be picketing against nuclear bombs.

Brian Carter
Mooresville, Ind.

I suggest making a film titled *A Year After*, showing the consequences of the Soviet occupation that might occur if the pacifists have their way.

Maximiliano E.A. Munk
Punta del Este, Uruguay

Applause, applause, applause for *The Day After*. This film has done more to open our national mind to the horrors of nuclear war than anything else in the past 40 years.

Ernst P. Kohlsaat
Narragansett, R.I.

Man of the Year

Last year it was the Machine of the Year, the computer. This year it should be the City of the Year, Beirut.

Greg McKinley
Johnstown, Pa.

I urge you to consider the American volunteer.

Richard H. Breneman
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, for barring reporters from the Grenada invasion.

Sam Pisicchio
Napa, Calif.

The people of Lebanon.

David Kaim
Austin

The U.S. Marine, the American at the tip of the spear of American diplomacy.

John M. Shotwell, Major
U.S. Marine Corps
Director, Public Affairs Office
New York City

Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, for publicizing the biggest threat to this country, the huge budget deficits.

Don C. Jensen
Falls Church, Va.

Brazil's President João Figueiredo, for trying to turn his country into a true democracy.

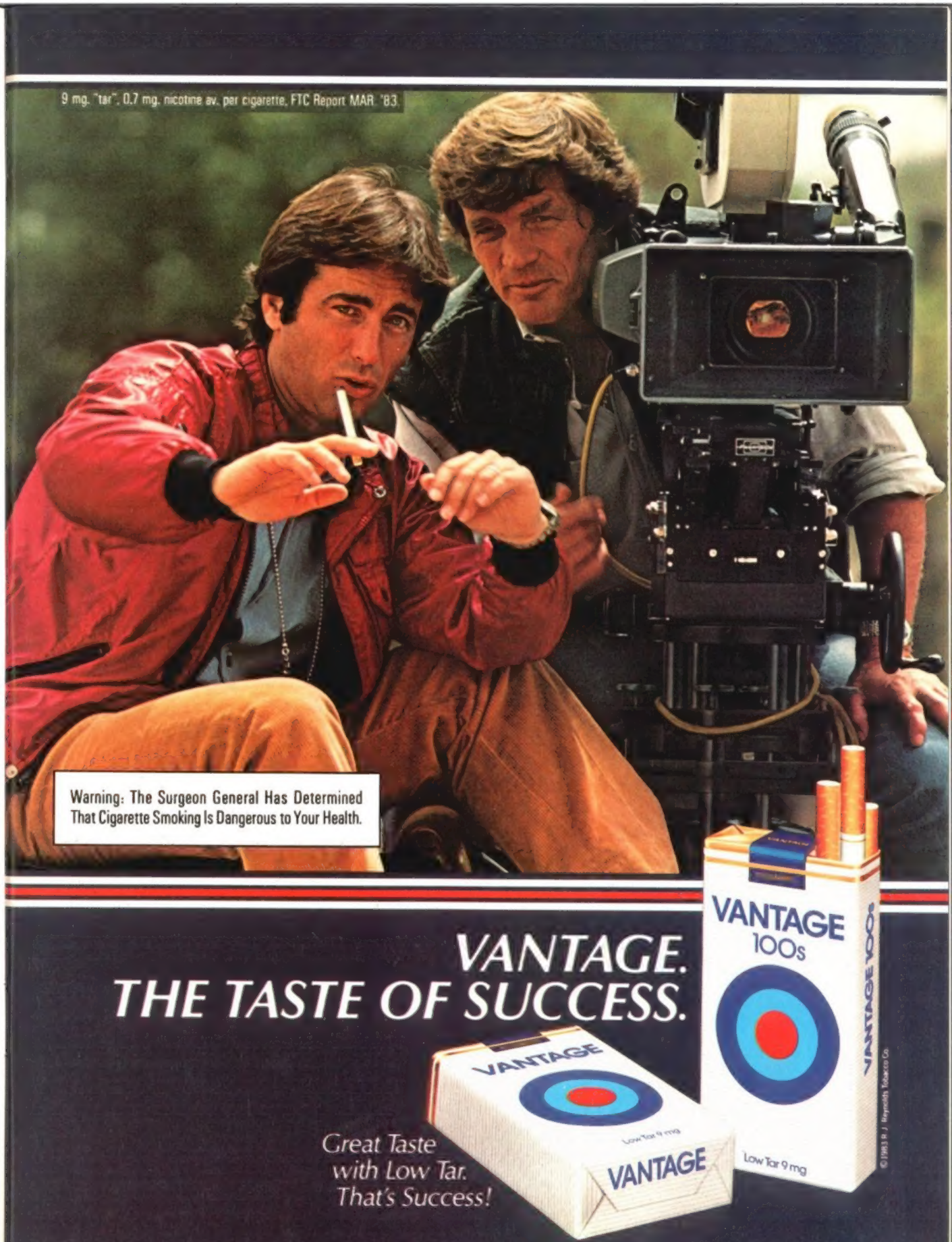
J. Alcantara Filho
Araguari, Brazil

In a year that saw many achievements among blacks, I nominate the black American.

Zachary Kittrie
Bethesda, Md.

The press, for resisting censorship.

Georges Blaha
Melbourne Beach, Fla.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Letters

The peacemakers, who work toward peace in a very troubled world.

Carol L. Holmes
Philadelphia

Congressman Claude Pepper, for his concern for senior citizens.

Sherry Terzian
Los Angeles

The Pershing II should get the nod.

Bernard Sinsheimer
Boulogne, France

No Tears for Arafat

Now that Yasser Arafat's presence is causing death and destruction in Tripoli [Dec. 5], where are all those voices of conscience that were so outspoken about the tragedy in 1982 at the Shatila and Sabra refugee camps? We should have continuous TV coverage, Security Council resolutions and Vatican statements condemning the violence in Tripoli instead of the condoning silence.

Bernard Fridman
Johannesburg

After reading about the fighting in Tripoli and other parts of Lebanon, I am convinced that any agreement on Lebanon's future is bound to fail. Lebanon is not a viable state. It should be divided between Syria and Israel on these conditions: that Israel be given a defensible northern border; that both states guarantee Lebanese citizenship status and freedom of religion; and that cosmopolitan Beirut receive separate international status. Utopian? Preposterous? Perhaps. But nothing else seems to work.

George P. Schmidt
Jamesburg, N.J.

$700 Screwdriver

I cannot be as passive as Secretary of the Navy John Lehman about manufacturers who overcharge the Pentagon for spare parts [Dec. 5]. Lehman says that he "found no criminal intent" on the part of the companies. If charging as much as $780 for a $45 screwdriver is not considered a crime, then what is?

Paul S. Snyder
Hutchinson, Minn.

I could not believe Secretary Lehman's explanation for the overcharging on parts. He blamed "clericalization," which he said meant "no single person is responsible." I could accept this if Lehman could cite some examples of the reverse, like paying $60 for a $1,800 fiber-glass cover.

Fred Nuss
Fort Morgan, Colo.

Bulging Jails

In your article on prison overcrowding [Dec. 5], you state that as the prison population is rising, the crime rate is dropping. The explanation for this is obvious: if a criminal is in jail, he cannot commit a crime.

Robert E. Sisson
East Haven, Conn.

Overcrowded cells? Tough! Let prisoners sleep in shifts. Poor living conditions? It should be remembered: some of their victims are not living at all.

Bruce C. Atwood
Shelburne, Vt.

Some money should be used to improve the living conditions for nonviolent criminals. But I have no sympathy for the murderers. There is no reason for them to get anything but death.

Carol Weisman
Kansas City, Mo.

As the widow of a crime victim, I am unmoved by your description of the appalling conditions in our prisons. Once again our focus is on the criminal's rights and living conditions. I will gladly vote to have my tax dollars spent on bigger, but not better, prisons.

Dorothy M. Holt
Plympton, Mass.

Go, Big Red

Finally, Nebraska [Dec. 5] is given the recognition it deserves. Who needs mountains, beaches and big-league teams when we have the Cornhuskers?

Debra Kay Tuchenhagen
Lincoln, Neb.

You gave a homesick Cornhusker a Christmas present. Your article on Nebraska's football team gave me the feeling of being home again.

M. Craig Ernst
Tulsa

You do not have to live in Nebraska to love its football team. I am a Californian for Nebraska.

Joanne Kai Burling
San Bernardino, Calif.

Nebraska comes closer than any other section of the Bible Belt to elevating football to the status of official state religion. I wonder how many of those farmers and Main Street Babbitts who fill Memorial Stadium in Lincoln on a fall afternoon ever contributed a single book to the university? Or better yet, how many have seen the inside of the library?

W. Eugene Hollon
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Calling Long Distance

Your story about the divestiture of A T & T [Nov. 21] and its impact on the industry was a well-written piece about a very complex subject. However, your article implied that I oppose phased-in access charges applied to end users, which reflects neither my position nor that of GTE. I did say (in remarks you took out of context) that the FCC had recognized that it would be a hardship on those who make minimum use of long-distance service if a flat-rate charge were instituted immediately. Taking that into account, I further said that "the FCC order represents a reasonable and, in fact, the only manageable response suggested thus far."

Theodore F. Brophy, Chairman
GTE Corp.
Stamford, Conn.

Culture Shock

It is the quality of the music that makes Culture Club the most successful band in England [Nov. 28]. They produce the best pop-rock around, mainly because of Boy George's sensuous, beautiful and definitely masculine voice.

Shery Talmor
Encino, Calif.

Culture Club is one of the most colorful, exciting and original-sounding pop bands on the scene today. The group has found the perfect formula for writing and performing music. These talents will ensure that Culture Club's popularity will continue for years to come.

Taylor Rhett Davies III
Daly City, Calif.

The popular-music industry is in a sorry state when it can present only performers whose sole purpose is to look peculiar and act extreme. Groups like the Culture Club are brainless.

Perry Arthur Finney
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Japanese Feminism

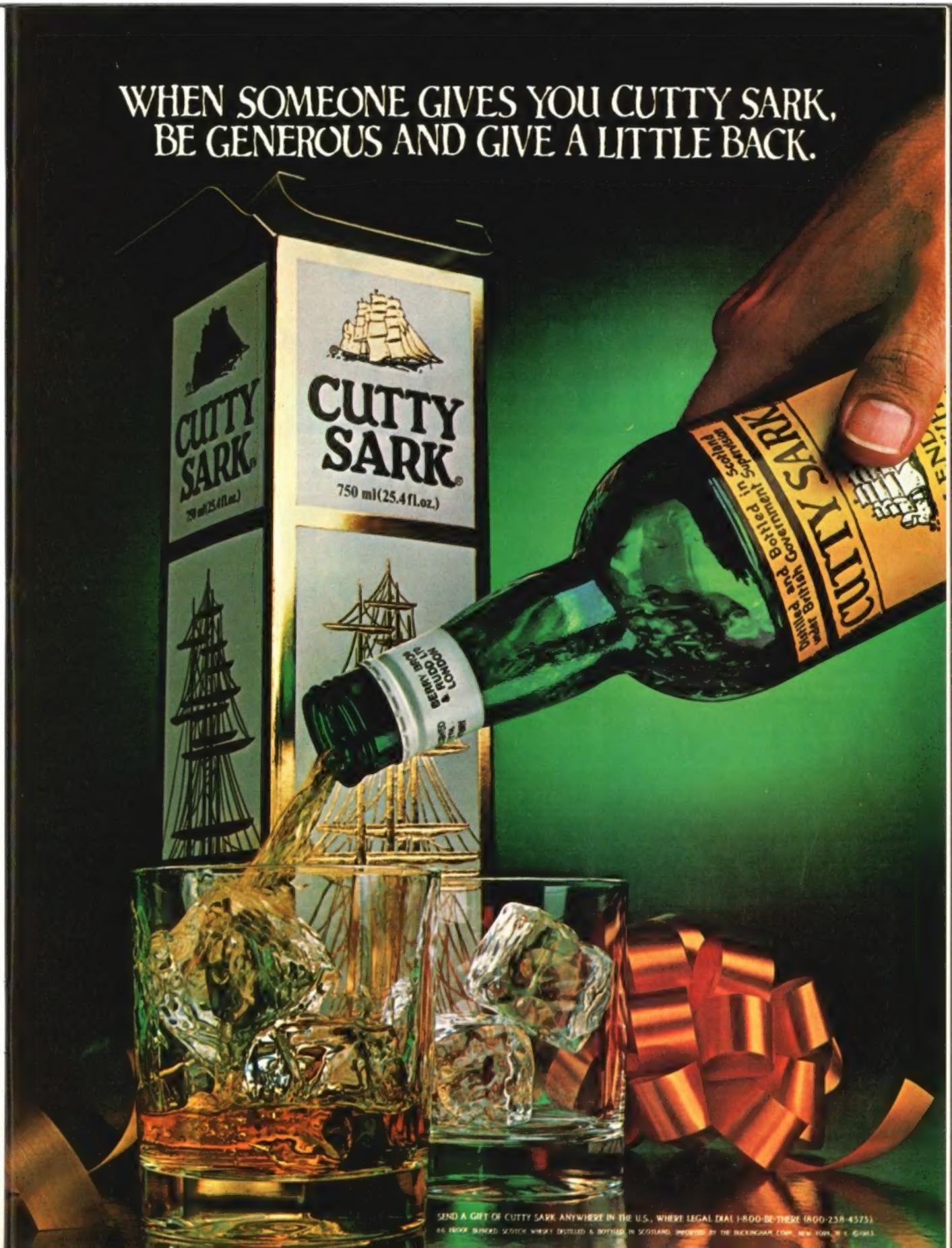
Your report on career-minded Japanese women [Dec. 12] was especially interesting to me. I have been employed by a commercial broadcasting station in Tokyo for eight years and have been working with a male staff without any problems. While women still encounter discrimination, the advancement of Japanese women over the past several years has been remarkable.

Rina Kodaka
Tokyo

As a Japanese man, I am in favor of Japanese women having equal opportunity and responsibility in the office. They would no longer have the excuse of saying, "I have nothing to do with what goes on here because I only do what I am told to do by male workers."

Fumiyuki Nagakura
Osaka

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.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OLYMPUS

When you have more to say than just smile.

In New York: Christmas in a Small Place

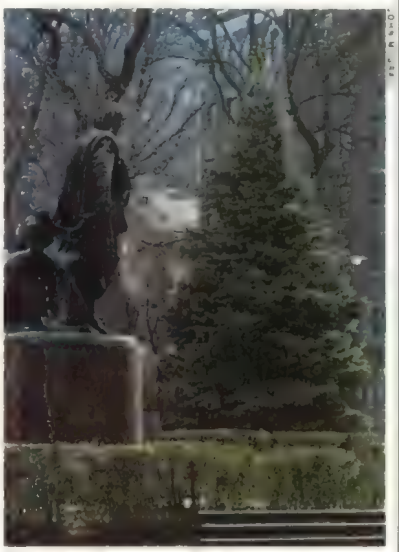
Climbing over the fence was strictly forbidden, but I can tell you how it was done. Stand facing either the east or west gate (the method worked for both). Place your left foot between the wrought-iron bars directly over the lock, pull yourself up by holding the topmost spikes firmly with both hands, swing your right foot into one of the iron rings at the top of the gate, bring your left leg up and around, and you're home. That's all there was to it, in terms of the how. As for the *why*, I am not sure why the neighborhood kids bothered to learn to climb the fence, since our parents, as local residents, had keys to Gramercy Park. Maybe it was our way of pretending to be like other kids in less protected neighborhoods of New York, an unconscious gesture of expiation for the sin of growing up in so privileged a place.

The park superintendent has made life difficult for today's fence climbers by placing metal screening on the gates in the open space above the locks. But little else has changed in Gramercy Park in the past 25 years. The once titillating statue of the half-naked woman (or goddess or whatever she was) at the east end of the park has been painted dark (she was gold and white in different eras). One of the massive elms has died. Yet the grassy areas are as they were—four neat lawns cut in the shape of piano tops, on which no ballplaying is permitted. The gravel paths are the same, as are the benches, set at proper distances from one another to combine privacy with friendliness. Outside the park, the houses look pretty much the same as well. And the feeling of the neighborhood persists. People who have known each other for years pause on the sidewalks to chat. The cleaners and the shoe shop do not need to hand out claim checks. Dogs are greeted by name. Babies abound. Eccentrics have positions of honor.

The celebration of Christmas in Gramercy Park seems exactly as it was. Every December the Gramercy Neighborhood Associates hoist a tree on the south side of the park. A party is thrown for all the neighborhood at the National Arts Club. Clothing and toys are collected for the poor. Apartment house entrances are decorated with wreaths and lights. On Christmas Eve, the residents come together in the park around the tree, while a man with a portable organ leads them in bellowing carols against the night.

Typical small-town America? Yes and no. Gramercy Park is a bit too comfortable to be considered typical, and it has distinguishing characteristics one would not find in most small towns. An artistic tradition, for one thing. Over the 150 years of its existence the area has been home to William Dean Howells, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Horace Greeley. Herman Melville lived out his life here, embittered by the public's dismissal of *Moby Dick*. Stephen Crane finished *The Red Badge of Courage* in his place on 23rd Street. Nathanael West, author of *The Day of the Locust* worked as night manager in the Kenmore Hotel near by. He used to sneak pals of his into the hotel, including Dashiell Hammett, who was working on *The Maltese Falcon* at the time.

John Barrymore lived in the building I grew up in, No. 36, the white one with the stonework gingerbread facade and the visored knights out front. Edwin Booth,



Edwin Booth inspects the Gramercy tree

whose statue still plays Hamlet in the center of the park, had a house remodeled by Stanford White to serve as the Players, a club for actors. When I was ten, I once waved to Charles Coburn as he emerged from the Players, and he waved back. The park's most mentioned artist-in-residence was William Sydney Porter, known as O. Henry, who lived on Irving Place and used to drink at Healy's Café, now Pete's Tavern, and still on 18th Street. One of the rare continuing neighborhood disputes concerns O. Henry. The people at Pete's claim that he wrote *The Gift of the Magi* in a booth there. A plaque at Sal Anthony's, a restaurant on the site of O. Henry's home, half a block from Pete's, insists that he composed the story in "two feverish hours" sitting in his wide front window—writing of the wife who sells her beautiful hair at Christmastime in order to buy a watch fob for her husband, who sells his watch in order to buy *her* a pair of combs.

The main difference between Gramercy Park and other American small towns is that this town is located in the heart of Lower Manhattan. Its character derives from its location. In a sense, the neighborhood serves as a pocket of resistance in the city, a sudden green rectangle cut out of the gray slabs, and away from the taxi horns. Yet the park needs the city, too, the way everyone needs strife to feel alive. When Christmas is celebrated here, life is celebrated, the life of a civilization huddled against itself. Nothing is really special about the people of Gramercy Park, other than that they chose Gramercy Park to live in, choosing one another's company as much as the old trees and pretty houses. Like most people, they behave better than people are generally reputed to behave, proclaiming their value, as O. Henry said of the watch fob in *The Gift of the Magi*, "by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation."

Fair-minded people. Reserved people. Intelligent but not excessively learned or witty. People you do not notice in a crowd because they try to avoid crowds. In my day they consisted of those like my father, a neighborhood doctor, to whom the kids brought underfed cats and crippled birds, and shy Mr. Platt who led us around on Halloween, and blind Mr. Chevigny who wrote of his seeing-eye dog in a bestseller, *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose*, and Mr. Homer, who had a booming Bostonian voice with which he asked every child over the age of six: "When do you plan to enroll at Harvard?" On the floor above ours in No. 36 lived three spinster ladies, Miss Prescott, Miss Cutler and Miss Jourdan, who would hire a car on Christmas Eve to drive them up and down Fifth Avenue so that they might enjoy the store displays. These were the sorts who would gather in the park and sing. Once the caroling was finished, they would not weep or embrace or say sentimental things, but merely nod and shake hands and wish one another well.

I conducted my own small ceremony as a child on Christmas Eve. My window faced the park, and I always waited for the caroling to start before I went downstairs, so that I could, for a few moments, look down from my ninth-floor perch and take it all in—my neighbors, the music, the tree. I think I half expected something wonderful to happen as I watched, or perhaps I dimly realized that something wonderful was already happening. On those nights, as on every Christmas Eve since they came into being, the man and wife of *The Gift of the Magi* were exchanging their gifts, which turned out to be the gifts of each other. Such is the exchange transacted frequently in this park, in this city, and in more than a few small places in the world. —*By Roger Rosenblatt*

THOMAS HARTWELL

Devastation at the U.S. embassy in Kuwait: a wing of the main building collapsed, right, and the annex, left, was destroyed

TIME, DECEMBER 26, 1983

The Shadow of Terrorism

Under attack overseas, Americans now worry: Can it happen at home?

Normally, wars are not won by dying for one's country. They are won by making the enemy die for his. Unfortunately, holy wars are not waged under this harsh but rational precept. Today many religious zealots seem almost eager to die for their cause in suicidal truck bombings and other terroristic attacks. President Reagan said two weeks ago that there were as many as 1,000 kamikaze terrorists being trained in Iran alone. Such individual fanaticism has now been coupled with something new: the technical resources and diplomatic protections of governments like Iran's and Syria's. "The possibilities," says a high U.S. State Department official, "are frightening." What can be done about it? "We all worry that question to death," he says. "But we have no answers."

The concern in Washington was heightened last week by six explosions in Kuwait, including that of an explosives-laden truck that crashed through fragile barriers at the U.S. embassy. At least six people were killed and 60 wounded (*see* WORLD). Believed to be the work of Iran-backed Islamic revolutionaries, the bombings represented an ominous spread of the tactic from Lebanon, where similar attacks in recent months against the U.S. embassy, American and French military barracks near the Beirut airport, and an Israeli army headquarters at Tyre killed a total of 423 people. On Saturday, terrorists struck another chilling blow, this one in a setting familiar to many Americans. At the height of the Christmas rush, a bomb ripped through Harrods department store in London, killing at least five and injuring 91. Police suspected the Irish Republican Army. Even before last week's attacks, 1983 was "the bloodiest year for terrorism on record," according to Brian Jenkins, director of research on terrorism for the Rand Corp.

With the U.S. increasingly the target of terrorists overseas, the inevitable question arises: Can it happen at home? Reluctant to spread undue concern or issue self-fulfilling prophecies, yet anxious to prepare Americans for what they see coming, many experts on terrorism fear the worst. Declares former CIA Director Richard Helms: "It would be surprising if a wave of terrorism didn't hit the U.S." New York Senator Daniel Moynihan, who sits on the Intelligence Committee, was even more alarmist at a New York conference on terrorism last week: "The prospect of 1984 being the year they bring the war to our shores is real. We should assume it and not be surprised by it."

The isolated, politically motivated bombing, of course, is hardly unknown in the U.S. A bomb left in a corridor outside the Senate chamber caused some $250,000 damage to the Capitol last month, and a group calling itself the Armed Resistance Unit claimed it had done the deed to protest U.S. "imperialism" abroad. Various Puerto Rican independence groups have touched off explosions in New York City, including four against federal and local government buildings last New Year's Eve and four others on Wall Street in March 1982.

Last week two bombs went off, one minute apart, in a Navy recruiting center on New York's Long Island. Fortunately, the building had been evacuated because of telephone warnings from a group called the United Freedom Front. Next day another caller, saying he wanted "the U.S. out of Central America," said a bomb had been planted at a Queens, N.Y., building where Honeywell Inc., a defense contractor, has offices. The bomb did not explode.

Despite such incidents, FBI Director William Webster reported last week that acts of terrorism in the U.S. have actually declined so far this year, from 51 a year ago to just 31. "Rather than a rising tide of ter-

rorism," Webster said, "we have a rising concern for terrorism in this country." Still Webster warned, "This suicide-mission concept, which has now been expanded in a key way, presumably could just as easily take place in the U.S. and calls for reasonably prudent measures." Indeed, he said that the FBI had recently "interdicted a terrorist plot in a public facility in which many, many people might have been killed." The occasion was a theater appearance in Seattle on Dec. 10 by two Iranian singing sisters and an Iranian comic. Rumors of a possible bombing had been so widespread that the 2,000-seat theater was left three-quarters empty.

What can be done to prevent terrorist attacks? Most experts consider the new security measures taken at the White House, State Department, Capitol building and Pentagon good first steps but far from adequate. These include placement of 3-ft.-high concrete barriers at White House driveways to discourage a car or truck attack, airport-style metal detectors at some federal buildings to check parcels carried by visitors, the closing of bus tunnels under the Pentagon, restrictions on nonbusiness traffic in front of the Capitol. The Washington precautions, which for a time included the blocking off of driveways with sand-loaded dump trucks, began during Thanksgiving week when police in Manassas, Va., got a letter from a Shi'ite group claiming that it intended to attack the State Department. In Manhattan, a newly erected concrete barrier now guards the U.S. mission to the U.N.

No security expert thinks such defensive measures will stop a determined Islamic terrorist who expects to join Allah by killing some Americans. The possible targets of the terrorist are so numerous in the U.S. that there is no way to protect them all. While the attacks in the Middle East employed heavy explosives that seem to have required substantial resources to acquire and deploy, more portable explosives offer more bang for the same size package, according to Robert

Barriers at the State Department

"The possibilities are frightening."

Kupperman of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies. Some of these sophisticated explosives can be molded to fit innocuously into briefcase linings and are detectable only by specially trained dogs.

Inspiring a general sense of panic among perceived enemies is a major aim of terrorists. So is attracting attention to a cause. Radical Islamic sects want to spread their revolution, and apparently see the U.S. presence in the Middle East as an obstacle. Thus, killing U.S. Marines in Lebanon had an obvious goal: to drive them out by undermining support at home for their deployment abroad. What an Iranian terrorist would hope to accomplish by hitting a target in the U.S. is less clear; perhaps lashing out at "the Great Satan" would be motive enough.

The challenge for U.S. antiterrorist planners is to take sensible precautions without turning Government buildings into fortresses or resorting to police-state tactics. American embassies have been treading that narrow line for years, beefing up security while trying to remain a symbol of an open and hospitable government. The State Department has undertaken 200 security projects at 120 chancelleries since the U.S. embassy in Beirut was blasted last April. When Secretary of State George Shultz flew into Tunis this month, his aircraft wing-tip lights were doused and the plane even made an unusual zigzag landing approach.

Neil Livingstone, author of *The War Against Terrorism*, contends that much can be done to discourage the phenomenon in the U.S. He claims that vulnerable power stations, telecommunications facilities and the power-line grid system should be better guarded, and he advocates a federal antiterrorism law so that the FBI can more readily assist in investigations.

All experts stress the need for better intelligence, both at home and abroad, to anticipate and deter a terrorist attack before it can be carried out. In addition, the U.S. and the rest of the civilized world must try to make it clear to the exporters of terrorism—most conspicuously, Iran, Syria, Libya and North Korea—that murder is not a legitimate instrument of national policy. One way to do this would be to cut off all diplomatic and commercial contacts with the offending countries.

While prudence demands a discussion of terrorism and steps to prevent it, the danger must not be overstated. Through their tradition of free movement in public places, Americans may be particularly unsuited to coping with a state of siege. Says Peter White of the Southern Center for International Studies in Atlanta: "A lot of talk about terrorism can make a lot of people see terrorists everywhere." Such national fear is exactly what the terrorist seeks. Advises a top State Department official: "I guess it's like living with the Bomb. You know it's out there, but you can't worry about it every day." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Christopher Redman and Bruce van Voorst/Washington, with other bureaus*

A concrete barricade guarding the U.S. mission to the U.N.

Plants decorate the new obstacles at the White House

Turning Up the Heat

For U.S. policy in Central America, the day of reckoning nears

"There are a lot of balls in the air at the same time," said a State Department official last week, talking about the quickening pace of U.S. diplomacy in Central America, and indeed there were. Vice President George Bush visited El Salvador and demanded in unequivocal terms an end to the political murders being carried out by right-wing extremists. Henry Kissinger, along with eight members of the bipartisan presidential commission he heads, was in Mexico and Venezuela gathering fact and opinion for the report that is scheduled to go to the President in early January. U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone met with the President-elect of Venezuela and the President of Colombia.

Despite the high-level meetings, the State Department down-played the notion that some bold stroke was imminent. "The gut issues," said one official, "are not appreciably changed." But that cool appraisal understates the current, critical juncture for U.S. policy toward Central America, in particular El Salvador. Two days after Bush's ultimatum, Salvadoran extremists won worrisome victories: a rightist coalition in the legislature managed to weaken the three-year-old land-reform program, and leftist guerrillas in the field ravaged a U.S.-trained army battalion (25 dead, 45 wounded) in a ten-hour firefight. In Nicaragua, meanwhile, the left-wing Sandinista government has made much of its recent moderate gestures, as the U.S. endeavors to fashion a diplomatic response.

Among the contentious questions dividing U.S. policymakers is how best to stop El Salvador's *escuadrones de la muerte*—death squads. The victims are supposedly "subversives," but they include union leaders, liberal professors and centrist politicians. Bush was in El Salvador for just seven hours, but his warnings about "these right-wing fanatics" were stark and powerful. "Your cause is being undermined by the murderous violence of reactionary minorities," he said to an assembly of the country's politicians and military men, "[which] poisons the well of friendship between our countries. [Do not] make the mistake of thinking that there is any division in my country on this question."

Kissinger arriving back in the U.S. last week

Looking for answers to contentious questions.

Bush later gave the government an extraordinary private message from President Reagan. The letter demanded a reduction in arrests by secret police and named the Salvadoran officials believed to be organizers of the death squads, whom the U.S. wants sent out of the country—or else. Washington evidently stopped just short of threatening a cutoff of its $65 million in military aid, which would probably doom the Salvadoran government. Explained one U.S. diplomat: "We're saying, 'Clean up your act or we won't be able to save you—and we might not even try.' " The Salvadoran government asked Washington for technical help from U.S. law-enforcement experts to prosecute the assassins.

The new U.S. hard line is welcome, although late. "The Administration realized we had been had," says a U.S. diplomat in El Salvador, "that we were not supporting genuine anti-Communists but feudalists or worse." Last month Reagan exercised a pocket veto of the two-year-old human rights certification law, which had obliged him to certify twice a year that El Salvador was making headway against the quasi-official terrorism.

According to José Napoleón Duarte, the country's moderate former President, who was in Washington last week, the current U.S. condemnations are more effective than the nebulous certification process. An example cited by Duarte: "The Minister of Defense, Mr. Vides Casanova, for the first time in the history of our country, made an open speech against the death squads."

Carlos Vides Casanova ran the brutal National Guard in 1980, when a gang of Guardsmen shot to death four American women, all Roman Catholic missionaries. Three weeks ago, retired U.S. District Court Judge Harold Tyler submitted his 101-page special report on the case to the State Department. According to those who have seen the classified document, Tyler found that the U.S. embassy in San Salvador pressed the murder investigations properly. It now seems likely that the five Guardsmen charged with murdering the churchwomen will finally be tried. The Salvadoran government has a large incentive to do justice in the case: if no trial is held, Congress has ordered that U.S. military aid shrink 30%, or $20 million this fiscal year.

Another 10% of the aid is contingent on the continued progress of El Salvador's ambitious agrarian-reform program, which both the Carter and Reagan Administrations have promoted as a bulwark against Communism. Congress will have to decide whether the constitutional provision passed last week gutted land reform, as some Salvadoran moderates and U.S. labor leaders suspect, or merely modified it.

Agrarian reform was to have taken place in three stages, each providing for purchase, not expropriation, of farm land. The first phase, under which the country's largest farms were turned into peasant-run cooperatives, is complete. Phase 2 had called for giving medium-size plantations to peasant farmers. Under the new Salvadoran law, however, Phase 2 was substantially diluted: the current owners may keep almost 60% of the land that was to be redistributed, and a loophole could let them sell the remainder to family-held corporations.

An even greater concern is the sched-

Salvadoran President Alvaro Magaña got no-nonsense human rights demands from Bush

uled end of Phase 3 reforms, a "land-to-the-tiller" program that has been enabling peasants to buy on government credit the tiny parcels of land that they now farm. Partly because of intimidation by landlords, only about half of those eligible have enrolled, and the program is scheduled to expire Dec. 31.

The Kissinger commission traveled to Mexico City and Caracas to confer with leaders of the Contadora process, the regional peace-seeking effort undertaken by Mexico, Venezuela, Panama and Colombia. The group has proposed a draft treaty that would try to stop arms shipments into and between Central American countries, get rid of foreign military advisers and promote democracy. Those goals, Kissinger said in Mexico City, "seem to be consistent with U.S. objectives, or what should be U.S. objectives." Rebellions that arise indigenously, he said, "should not be the concern of the U.S." but should be "worked out by the people concerned in their own way."

While the Administration has generally supported the Contadora goals, it has envisioned them mainly as fetters on the Sandinistas, who have shipped arms to Salvadoran rebels, imported hundreds of Cuban military advisers and drifted toward one-party Marxist rule. At least for the moment, however, the Sandinistas have all but ended the arms traffic, begun to send the Cubans home, eased press censorship and promised to hold elections in 1985. In January, a State Department official said, the U.S. will meet with the Sandinistas to encourage them to come up with an election framework acceptable to the Reagan Administration.

The Sandinistas' show of moderation was diplomatically deft. It was as if the U.S., not expecting them to play along with the Contadora plan, failed to compute the consequences for its allies in the region. Under the Contadora treaty, those countries could be denied U.S. military help. Washington has since 1981 supplied arms to the antigovernment *contra* guerrillas fighting in Nicaragua. In Honduras, the Big Pine maneuvers amount to a continuing large-scale U.S. military presence. Earlier this month, Honduras and its conservative neighbors started objecting to Contadora proposals, probably precluding any agreement before spring.

Central America's violent politics is primed for an unusually precarious period. The *contras* talk about a January offensive, and the Sandinistas say that in February they will set an election date. Big Pine II, due to end by March, will be almost immediately replaced by Big Pine III. El Salvador will doubtless hold its presidential elections on schedule, March 25, but Salvadoran citizens do not seem aroused or optimistic about the voting. As far as U.S. policy is concerned, Central America is no place to invest high hopes. Right now, averting a crisis seems good enough. ***—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Timothy Loughran/San Salvador and Barrett Seaman/Washington***

Fare Well, Grenada

Seven weeks after U.S. Navy Seals slipped silently onto Grenada's beaches, starting an invasion that led to the overthrow of the island's unstable Marxist regime, the last U.S combat troops were headed home. On the airstrip at Point Salines, still unfinished, the first ranks of approximately 1,000 paratroopers let out a whoop of welcome as three giant C-141 transport planes, mottled in camouflage colors, hummed into view.

Left behind in the capital of St. George's was a large hand-lettered sign, erected next to an American flag, that summed up the troops' warm feelings toward the island's 110,000 population, many of whom had played host to servicemen in their homes: FARE WELL, GRENADA. THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY. GOD BLESS YOU. 2/505TH 82ND AIRBORNE.

When the transports touched down at Pope Air Force Base near Fort Bragg, N.C., four hours later, the returning troops were met by a banner-waving crowd. "Let no one tell you you're not in an Army of excellence, because you are excellent," shouted Deputy Under Secretary of the Army John W. Shannon over the din on the rain-drenched tarmac. President Reagan echoed the sentiment in a speech before the Congressional Medal of Honor Society in New York City: "Our days of weakness are over. Our military forces are back on their feet and standing tall."

By week's end a total of about 1,800 men had vacated the island, fulfilling Reagan's promise that all combat troops would be out of Grenada before Christmas. Still on hand are 150 military police and 150 U.S. support troops (logistics, medical and administrative personnel) to train Grenadian security forces. This modest detachment, along with the 396-member Caribbean Peace-Keeping Force, may well provide a necessary sense of order. "People are so scared, so insecure because of how unsettled things are," says Lloyd Noel, a former Attorney General who languished in prison for 2½ years during the regime of former Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. With Grenada's police force whittled to little more than 100 men, the potential for lawlessness and violence simmers just below the surface. Earlier this month, a small band of young men terrorized families living on the main residential road in St. George's for three nights in a row. Says Jamaican Educator Beverly Steele, whose home was attacked during the spree: "This is the aftermath of a breakdown in law-and-order."

MICHAEL LUDDEN

A G.I. goodbye: paratroopers march toward a C-141 transport plane bound for the U.S.

Equally precarious is the fledgling government of Sir Paul Scoon, the island's Governor-General. Two weeks ago, Antony Rushford, a Briton who was appointed by the Commonwealth to be Scoon's legal adviser, abruptly left Grenada after attacking the Governor-General as "quite unfit" to help restore democracy to the island. The leaders of Grenada's nine-member interim advisory council, which will administer the country until elections can be held, admit that they may be dangerously out of touch with some of their poorer countrymen who benefited from Bishop's rule. "The revolution's skills were 90% political," says one council member. "Ours are 90% administrative. It's not an easy transition."

Of immediate urgency is Grenada's foundering economy. The island is facing a cumulative public debt of $52.5 million and a current budget shortfall of $3.6 million. The U.S. has earmarked $18.5 million in short-term emergency aid for Grenada. But that amount is perhaps $30 million less than the country was receiving in various kinds of aid from Cuba, Libya and the Soviet-bloc countries. What is more, the controversial airstrip, which the advisory council calls a top economic priority, will probably not get any financial boost from the U.S.

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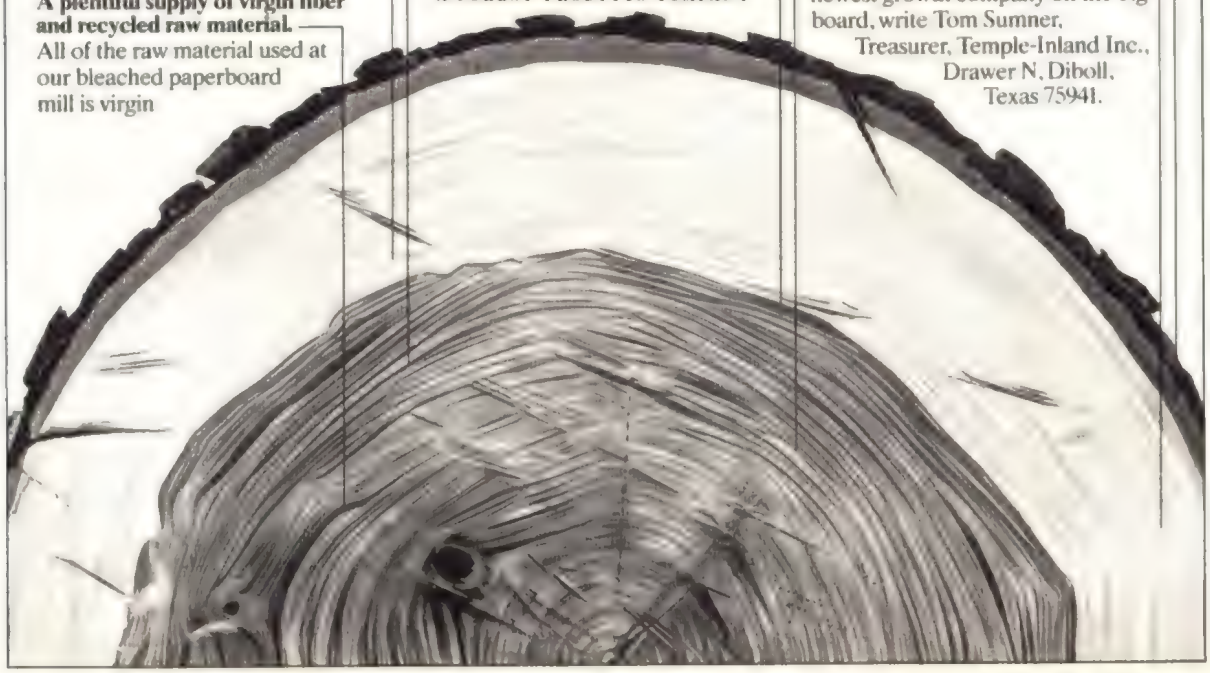


Highs for Mondale and Reagan

A TIME *poll also shows growing concern about nuclear war*

The race for the Democratic presidential nomination between Walter Mondale and John Glenn, almost neck and neck just three months ago, shows signs of becoming a runaway. According to a poll taken for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly & White, Inc.,* the former Vice President's lead over the Ohio Senator, a narrow 28% to 26% in September, has stretched to a gaping 34% to 18% among Democrats and independent voters. Among Democrats alone, Mondale does even better: 39% to 16%. In the poll of Democrats and independents, the other candidates trail badly: George McGovern and Jesse Jackson are at 6%; Alan Cranston and Gary Hart at 2%; and Reubin Askew and Fritz Hollings bring up the rear, at 1%. But one-quarter are still undecided, and polls this early in the campaign tend heavily to reflect name recognition of the candidates.

Glenn's strategy has been to portray himself as an independent, forward-thinking centrist and paint Mondale as an old-fashioned, big-spending liberal who cannot say no to special-interest groups. But the voters, Democrats included, still find Glenn and Mondale almost indistinguishable politically, except that Mondale is seen as the more experienced leader (37% to 16%). The two rate about the same in "avoiding giving in to pressure from special-interest groups" and "going for the right solutions and not sticking to party positions." Neither is given high marks for "bringing new and fresh solutions."

While Mondale has risen in the polls, so has the man he seeks to unseat, Ronald Reagan. The President is riding a tide of good feeling generated by the robust economic recovery. About 60% of those responding to the poll "feel that things are going well these days," while about one-third were as sanguine a year ago. In fact, the country's mood is better than at any other time in the past six years. Nonetheless, the number of those who say that they feel "a lot of confidence in the future" (35%) has remained virtually unchanged all year. Public Opinion Analyst Daniel Yankelovich says that most Americans have still not regained the innate optimism that marked the 1950s and early '60s.

Matching the public mood, Reagan's favorable rating stands at 60%, up from 45% last March and his best showing since December 1981. Most cite domestic issues, particularly lowered inflation, as the cause of their improved opinions.

Perhaps in recognition of Reagan's current edge on economic matters, Mondale is planning to stress foreign policy issues in a series of speeches over the next month. The poll indicates that the public will be listening intently. In the past, economic issues were considered far more potent politically than foreign affairs. But now people have begun to worry about events abroad. In responding to the question of what were the main problems facing the nation, 31% said the danger of war, while 27% cited unemployment. Almost as many (18%) were concerned about the Middle East and the nuclear arms race as about inflation (20%). In January 1981, by contrast, more than 80% of the public focused on domestic issues, while only one-third were primarily concerned with public affairs.

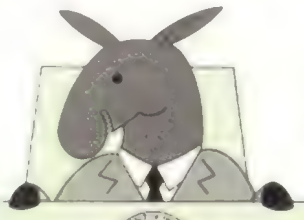
The U.S. invasion of Grenada had a cathartic effect on a public frustrated by the post–Viet Nam feeling of military impotence. By 58% to 32%, those polled said the invasion was in the best interests of the nation. Fully 64% of those who favored the action cited as the reason for their approval the simple feeling that it was "important for the nation to assert itself."

Feelings are more mixed about the presence of U.S. Marines in Lebanon. Slightly more (49% to 44%) want to keep the troops there than bring them home, but those who want the troops out appear to feel more strongly than those who want them to stay. While voters welcome the Administration's new assertiveness, however, they do not want it to go too far. In September, just after the shooting down of the Korean Air Lines jet, 57% agreed that "we have to weaken the Soviet economy and their military power even at the risk of nuclear war." Now only 46% agree with that statement. When asked what are the important goals for the nation, 67% picked "reducing the risk of nuclear war," more than chose any other goal.

The public shows little confidence in the President's peace-keeping abilities. When the public judges Reagan's handling of the major issues, he gets positive ratings on all but one: his ability to keep the country out of war. (Though 26% think there is a good chance he will "keep us out of war," 33% do not.) Furthermore, while Reagan's ratings have improved in virtually every other category since last September, they have declined in this most crucial one.

For the Democrats, the war jitters could be an opening to exploit. So far, Democrats overall are rated somewhat better at reducing the risk of a nuclear war than are Republicans (32% to 24%), but their edge has dropped slightly since September, when it stood at 34% to 20%. While one-third give Reagan low marks on his ability to keep the country out of war, Mondale is graded poorly in this field by only 9% and Glenn by only 8%. The Democrats consistently outscore the Republicans on social issues like education, the environment and civil rights.

But the Democrats have struck out on another issue they have stressed: reduction of the huge federal deficit. The public has even less faith that the Democrats will balance the budget than that the Republicans will. Nor do voters seem to care much about a balanced budget. While reducing the risk of nuclear war ranked No. 1 as a national goal, a balanced budget ranked 13th, behind such expensive items as providing quality health care and keeping U.S. defenses strong. —*By Evan Thomas*



Whom would you prefer as the Democratic presidential candidate?

(Asked of Democrats and Independents)

	Sept. '83	Dec. '83
Walter Mondale	28%	34%
John Glenn	26	18
George McGovern	8	6
Jesse Jackson	5	6
Alan Cranston	4	2
Gary Hart	2	2
Reubin Askew	2	1
Ernest Hollings	1	1

What are the main problems facing the country?*

Danger of war	31%
Unemployment	27
Inflation	20
Mideast situation	18
Nuclear arms race	18
Central America	9
Crime	6
Balancing federal budget	6

* More than one answer permitted

TIME Chart by Renée Klein

*The findings are based on a telephone survey from Dec. 6 to Dec. 8 of 1,000 registered voters. The potential sampling error is plus or minus 3%. When compared with the results of previous polls, the potential sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%.

"Some Doubt Has Been Raised"

The sentence was life, but the verdict is not final

It happens every day. A verdict of guilty is immediately followed by outcries from upset relatives and friends charging that there has been a terrible miscarriage of justice. Prosecutors scarcely even pay attention. So it is almost unheard of for them to back off and admit that justice may not have been served. But last week in Texas, the Dallas County district attorney joined the defense to support setting aside the armed-robbery conviction and life sentence of Lenell Geter, 26. Said D.A. Henry Wade: "I believe some doubt has been raised in the minds of many people concerning the fairness of Geter's trial, as well as his guilt."

Some doubt indeed. The story of how Geter's claim of injustice came to be heard is no dry matter of lawyers marshaling cool arguments for an appeals court. It has been a slam-bang battle waged by friends and lawyers to build public pressure. Says one of his attorneys, George Hairston: "According to an ancient proverb, 'You can get more with a gun and a smile than you can with just a smile.' We've smiled, played by the rules and got nowhere. The media is our gun."

The case began in August 1982, when Geter was arrested by police investigating a rash of armed robberies in the Dallas suburbs and nearby Greenville, a community of 22,000, whose main street until 16 years ago boasted a sign reading THE BLACKEST LAND—THE WHITEST PEOPLE. Geter was an unlikely suspect. An engineering graduate of South Carolina State College, he had arrived in Greenville earlier in the year, one of six young blacks recruited by E-Systems, a large military and electronics contractor. A soft-spoken, nonsmoking teetotaler, he earned an annual salary of $24,000 and had a reputation among colleagues for intelligence and industry.

Nevertheless, after getting an anonymous tip, police circulated his photo among witnesses to robberies in the area. When one singled out his picture, saying, "I think it might have been him," police picked Geter up and grilled him about more than a dozen unsolved holdups. The next day police arrested Geter's roommate and fellow black engineer Anthony Williams in connection with a $31 robbery of a 7-Eleven store in Garland.

Geter went on trial for the $615 stickup of a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet. Five prosecution witnesses identified him, but gave contradictory answers to questions about the robber's height and weight. For the defense, nine of Geter's colleagues testified that he had been at work at the time of the holdup. No physical evidence, like fingerprints or a gun, was presented. Still, in October 1982 the all-white jury found him guilty. At the sentencing hearing, Investigating Detective James Fortenberry testified that he had spoken with the sheriff of Bamberg County, where Geter grew up. The South Carolina sheriff, said Fortenberry, had told him Geter was "a bad character." The prosecution also suggested he was a suspect in other robberies. The jury's sentence: life imprisonment.

Geter's fellow engineers at E-Systems were shocked by the verdict and sentence and convinced that Geter was a victim of racism. A dozen of them, mostly whites, organized a defense committee and raised more than $11,000 in the young engineer's support. "This is not a tightly knit organization," declared Engineer Wendell Crom, "just a bunch of people who know the man is not guilty." The N.A.A.C.P., alerted by a South Carolina State College dean, was also outraged and dispatched Lawyer Hairston to aid in the defense. He and court-appointed Attorney Edwin Sigel scored a small success in November 1982 at a hearing for a new trial when the South Carolina sheriff appeared to say that Fortenberry had misinterpreted his remarks. Geter had no record in South Carolina, he said, "and I wouldn't know him if he were to walk in my door." But the judge refused to reopen the case.

So Hairston turned to the court of public opinion. He began by enlisting a new "old-boy network" of black journalists. As a result, a black reporter on the Dallas *Times Herald* went to the city editor, who assigned the story to Susan Milstein, then on the paper's courthouse beat. At first she was leery: "People call all the time saying, 'My brother is in jail and it's a case of mistaken identity.' " But she quickly became intrigued: "I could not understand why all of these middle-aged white engineers were so upset. They were visibly shaken. Here was a young engineer making $24,000 a year. Now why would a guy like this hold up a fried-chicken restaurant?" Her story was the first to publicize that the tip leading police to consider Geter had come from a woman who had merely seen a black man park his car, nowhere near any robbery site, and taken down his license number.

Milstein's front-page article led to a rush of other print and TV stories. Coverage by the New York *Times*, PEOPLE, the Phil Donahue show, ABC and the Cable News Network soon followed. The snowballing scrutiny got a further push last month when Geter's roommate Williams, who had no previous criminal record, was acquitted of the charge against him. But it was a *60 Minutes* broadcast in early December that was "the tipping factor," says Hairston, who had written to one of the show's producers. In addition to reviewing the facts, CBS reporters aired evidence from two new alibi witnesses for Geter. The young engineer had a bit of luck. Explains Sigel: "The show came on immediately after the Dallas Cowboys game against Seattle. Dallas won, so people kept watching." The segment, seen by 40 million people, drew the largest number of letters in *60 Minutes*' history.

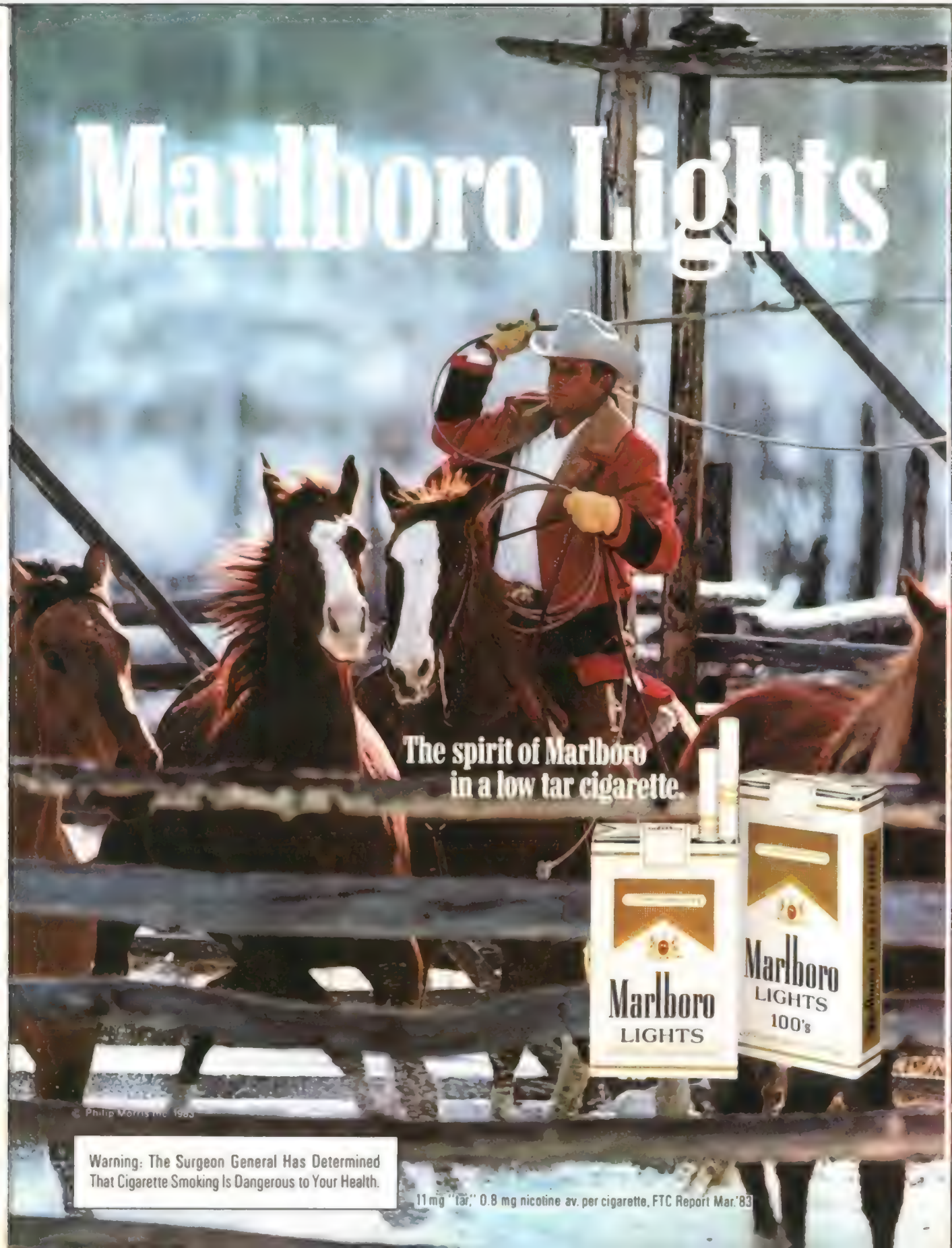
In Dallas, many viewers responded by complaining directly to District Attorney Wade—even, as Wade says, "my own son-in-law." No less important, Texas Governor Mark White got on the phone. Wade contends that the show presented a "distorted" picture and that he was not bending to pressure. But last week he bowed to the extralegal public verdict.

Last Wednesday, after 16 months behind bars, a jubilant Geter was set free to applause from a crowd of supporters. Later he celebrated at a Christmas party attended by lawyers, investigators and fellow engineers. His ordeal may not be over, though. He is out on a $10,000 bond put up by E-Systems co-workers. For the charges to be completely dropped, he must pass a lie-detector test. "If he fails the test," says D.A. Wade, "he will have a new trial." And two top prosecutors in Wade's office have been assigned to the case. But Geter is too relieved to worry yet about losing again in court. Said he: "This is my emancipation proclamation from the judicial system of Texas." ***—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Mark Seal/Dallas***

WEAVER—CAMERA 5

Ex-Convict Geter answers press questions as Lawyer Sigel beams

How to win a not-guilty verdict in the court of public opinion.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A.C.L.U. Attorney Hoffman with boxes of intelligence files: "They were watching everybody"

Infiltrating the Public

Los Angeles police officers are caught undercover

As celebrated in TV programs such as *Dragnet* and *Adam 12*, the Los Angeles police department has long been the very model of a modern constabulary: efficient, dedicated and incorruptible. But that image is being dealt a severe blow by allegations that from 1970 to 1981 the department ran a domestic spy operation, infiltrating more than 200 political, religious, labor and civic organizations and amassing information on thousands of Angelenos. Most of the snooping was illegal and politically motivated, charges the American Civil Liberties Union, whose suit on behalf of 131 victims is scheduled to go to trial next month. Says A.C.L.U. Attorney Paul Hoffman: "The targets were critics of the department, people who were pushing for a civilian review board, anybody against the political status quo. They were watching everybody."

According to A.C.L.U. complaints, the Los Angeles police planted three agents in classrooms at California State University in Northridge to spy on students. A woman operative joined the Committee on Nuclear Information, an antinuke group, eventually becoming its president. The police also gathered intelligence on members of the police commission, a state assemblyman, a superior-court judge and even the mayor of Los Angeles, Tom Bradley.

Chief Daryl Gates

Most of the snooping challenged by the suit was the work of the 62-member public disorder intelligence division (PDID). Police claim that the PDID helped break up dangerous groups and led to the arrest of a potential presidential assassin during a visit by Jimmy Carter in 1979. Insists Police Chief Daryl Gates: "We've never surveilled groups or individuals that we didn't suspect of being in illegal activities."

Plaintiffs in the case claim, however, that PDID agents not only infiltrated law-abiding groups but often acted as provocateurs. They say, for example, that an undercover officer who joined the Coalition Against Police Abuse tried without success to get members to throw a brick through a police-station window during a demonstration in San Pedro. Observes Linda Valentino, who in 1977 helped organize the Citizens' Commission on Police Repression: "After these things started coming out, people were afraid to get involved. The police hurt a lot of groups."

The spy division worked without restraints until the mid-1970s, when a new police commission ordered intelligence data on 50,000 people and organizations destroyed and adopted guidelines limiting the type of information the PDID could keep. Nevertheless, subsequent investigations into the unit's activities revealed that police had saved some of the material. Last January investigators seized 150 boxes of PDID data in the Long Beach mobile home and garage of Jay Paul, 36, a 15-year veteran of the force.

The district attorney, the police commission, the city council and the police department are all probing the PDID's snooping, but the unit no longer exists. The police commission disbanded it in January, replacing it with the anti-terrorist division. Critics of the police force hope the new unit can avoid the abuses of the PDID, but they wonder. Intelligence gathering, declares Chief Gates, "cannot be and never will be as pristine pure as some would like it. There is absolutely no way that we cannot, on occasion, trample on some people's privacy and their freedom." ■

Koch *vs.* Cap

Disinformation fuels a feud

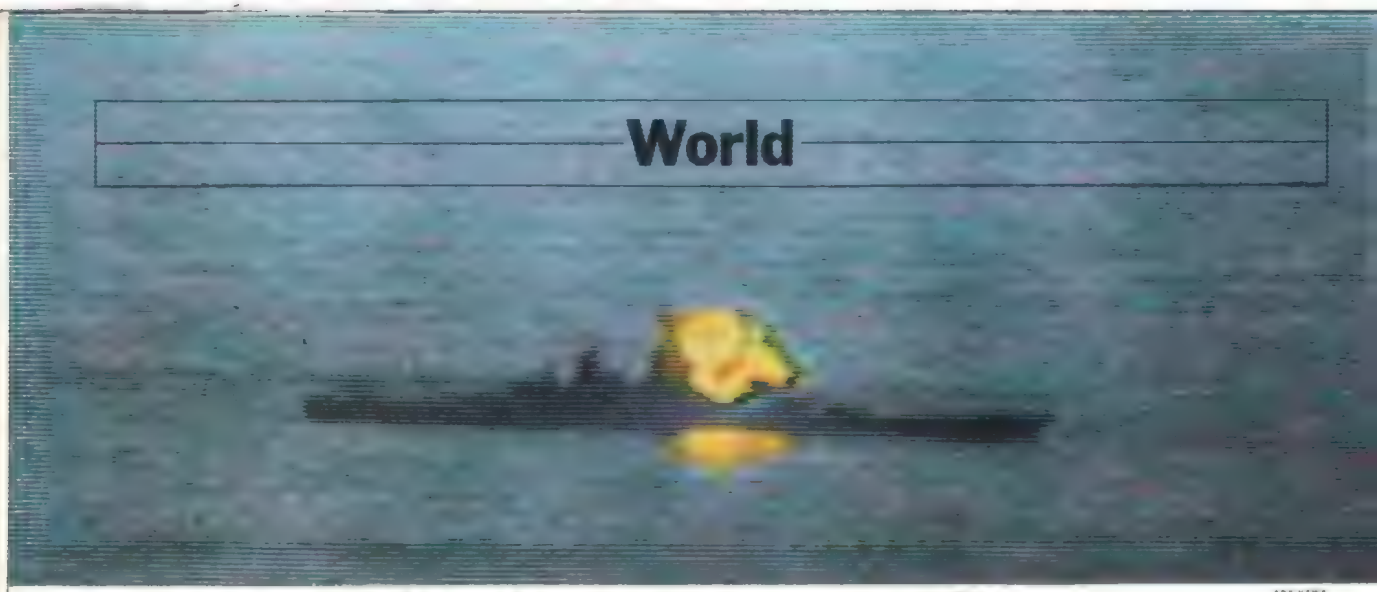
If true, the story was a shocker. Last July the leftist but respected Beirut newspaper *As Safir* printed what it claimed was a transcript of a conversation between U.S. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and Saudi Defense Minister Sultan Ibn Abdul Aziz in Paris on May 12, 1983. Weinberger was quoted as saying that he had not informed President Reagan about a Saudi request for 20 F-15 fighters because "it would be leaked to Congress and the press," thus jeopardizing the deal. According to the transcript, Weinberger generously offered his Saudi counterpart a shipment of sophisticated M-1 tanks, which he said were "not in the hands of the American Army even."

The story, it turned out, was a phony, an obvious attempt at disinformation. But it succeeded in stirring up the longstanding feud between New York Mayor Edward Koch, who is staunchly pro-Israel, and Weinberger, who is considered pro-Arab by many Israeli officials and American Jews. By last week even the FBI had been brought in to investigate.

The alleged transcript was given to Koch last August by an aide, who had received it from the Israeli consul general in New York, Naphtali Lavie. Lavie had come across the Lebanese report in a packet of articles distributed to scholars, journalists and other subscribers by the Israeli government monitoring service. Koch sent an indignant letter to Weinberger demanding that he publicly deny the conversation with the Saudis. Weinberger wrote back that "this 'so-called transcript' is a complete fabrication and a very crude attempt at disinformation." But Koch demanded a public disavowal. When Weinberger refused to reveal the details of a "classified diplomatic exchange," Koch gave copies of the letters to the press.

Last week FBI agents visited city hall in an effort to find out the source of the bogus report. Koch, who had publicly denied that the Israelis were involved, admitted Lavie's role. But, said an Israeli official, "there was no disinformation and no anti-Weinberger campaign. It was Mayor Koch who overdid it."

Koch was unrepentant. He huffed to FBI Director William Webster that "others in the Federal Government" (meaning Weinberger) were out to "stifle my constitutional rights" by sicking the G-men on him. He insisted that the FBI investigation was less interested in finding the source of the disinformation than in muzzling him. Weinberger stoutly denied any connection with the investigation. "What a cheap shot," said a Weinberger aide. Federal officials said the probe stemmed from a stepped-up effort by the State Department to crack down on disinformation. After all the hubbub, the source of the transcript printed by *As Safir* remains a mystery. ■



The battleship *New Jersey* fires its 16-in. guns at Syrian antiaircraft batteries in the mountains behind Beirut

ABC NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Familiar Fingerprints

As the New Jersey's *guns boom, terror hits Kuwait and Arafat sets to flee*

"We thought it was incoming fire," a U.S. Marine lieutenant on duty near Beirut International Airport said later. "The sides of buildings were shaking, and we thought the windows would shatter. We went into Condition 1, which means full combat alert. Then we realized that what we had heard was the firing of those big babies a mile and a half from shore. We didn't hear them land, but we could imagine what it must have been like."

The lieutenant was a member of the 1,800-man U.S. peace-keeping force in Lebanon, and the "big babies" were the battleship *New Jersey's* 16-in. guns, which fired their 1,900-lb. shells last week for the first time in combat since the Viet Nam War. The *New Jersey*, which has been cruising off the Lebanese coast since September, entered the on-again, off-again fighting after U.S. reconnaissance planes drew fire from antiaircraft batteries manned either by Syrian soldiers or by Syrian-supported Druze fighters. The battleship hurled eleven of the big shells in its first engagement and 40 rounds from 5-in. guns in a second attack. The salvos were another reminder to Syria and its allies in Lebanon that any challenge to U.S. forces will be swiftly met with a counterattack.

The *New Jersey's* thunder had its echoes across the Middle East and beyond. In Tripoli, Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat and 4,000 loyalists were preparing to flee. In the Chouf Mountains southeast of Beirut, Israeli troops helped evacuate Christian civilians and Phalangist militiamen from a town besieged by Druze forces for the past three months. Some 900 miles to the southeast, in the gulf state of Kuwait, terrorists unleashed a wave of suicide attacks that bore the increasingly familiar fingerprints of spreading Shi'ite fanaticism.

The trouble began when one or possibly two suicide terrorists rammed a truckload of explosives into the U.S. embassy compound in Kuwait, badly damaging one of the buildings in a towering explosion. Five people, none of them Americans, were killed in the blast; the toll could have been much higher, but the driver aimed his truck at a three-story administrative annex rather than the crowded chancellery building. About an hour later, a similar car bomb exploded just outside the French embassy, blowing a 30-ft. hole in the wall surrounding the compound. A crystal chandelier crashed onto Ambassador Jean Bressot's desk, missing him by inches. Other car bombs went off at a residential complex where many foreigners live, and at three Kuwaiti installations. There were six known killed and about 60 injured in the six explosions.

Marines with makeshift Christmas tree

The first assault was similar to the truck-bomb attacks that have occurred in Lebanon this year, including the ones in October that took the lives of 241 U.S. servicemen and 58 French paratroopers. It was an ominous warning that the oil-producing gulf, a region of vital interest to the U.S., is not exempt from the kind of violence that has plagued Lebanon.

According to Kuwaiti newspapers, the terrorist who drove into the U.S. compound was an Iraqi member of the banned Al Dawa party, a fundamentalist Muslim group with ties to Iran. For years, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini has branded the U.S. as "the Great Satan." He is also angry with France for selling military equipment to Iraq and with Kuwait for supporting and underwriting Iraq in its three-year-old war against Iran. The Iraqi government of President Saddam Hussein immediately ordered missiles fired at five Iranian cities in retaliation.

In the wake of the gulf attacks, former Lebanese Prime Minister Saeb Salam warned, "The growth of Islamic fundamentalism is an earthquake. It is becoming more radical, making alliances with those who support Communist ideology." He and other Arab moderates felt the situation had been exacerbated, however, by

the growing U.S. military involvement in the region and the U.S. decision, announced during Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's visit to Washington last month, to adopt a new policy of "strategic cooperation" with Israel so as to check the growing strength of Soviet-armed Syria.

Israeli officials have told TIME that the new Reagan-Shamir agreement included a "secret unwritten understanding" under which the U.S. would concentrate on protecting the oil-rich Arab gulf states against Iran, while Israel would help the U.S. handle the Syrian threat in Lebanon. According to the Israeli sources, Shamir also indicated that he would try to discourage Jewish groups in the U.S. from opposing American efforts to bolster moderate Arab governments.

Administration officials denied that what had been discussed amounted to a secret understanding. "It's obvious that we are in the gulf and Israel is not," said a senior Defense Department official. "It's equally clear that the Israelis have a stronger, more direct military confrontation with the Syrians than we do." But it would be "overdrawn," he said, to talk about "spheres of influence." Another result of the Shamir visit was the decision to convert military-aid programs to Israel and Egypt from loans to grants. Over the next fiscal year, the U.S. will give $1.4 billion to Israel and $1.1 billion to Egypt.

The Israelis underscored the extent of their responsibility for Lebanon last week when they stepped in to help the International Red Cross arrange the evacuation of some 2,500 Christian militiamen and 5,000 civilians from the mountain town of Deir al Qamar. Israeli armor and infantry provided cover for the exodus. Even so, there were some tense moments as Druze militiamen, waving their rifles, jeered the Phalangists, who had been bundled into Israeli trucks. The Christians were eventually taken by ship from the Israeli-occupied port of Sidon to Christian-controlled areas around Beirut.

Farther north, around Tripoli, the evacuation of P.L.O. troops besieged by Syrian-backed Palestinians finally began. On Saturday, an Italian ferryboat took 93 wounded P.L.O. fighters to Cyprus with the help of the International Red Cross. As five Greek ships prepared to evacuate Arafat and his remaining troops to Tunisia and North Yemen, Israeli gunboats shelled his positions. Said an Israeli official: "We want him to sweat a little."

Arafat's problems came up in an unexpected venue when U.S.S.R. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko held a detailed discussion on the Middle East with Arthur Hartman, the U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. Gromyko spoke with regret about Arafat's predicament; the P.L.O., he said, was gradually moving toward a more moderate position, with the balance shifting toward those who acknowledge Israel's right to exist. Much of the talk touched on the Soviet Union's quest to be directly involved in future Middle East negotiations. "Why do you Americans feel you have a right to play a special role in the Middle East?" Gromyko asked. The Foreign Minister said that the Soviet government had urged Syria to exercise restraint and claimed that in most cases the Syrians had been responsive.

An Israeli convoy leads Christian Phalangist militiamen out of Deir al Qamar

SHLOMO ARAD

One of the great disappointments of the past year, from Washington's point of view, has been the halting progress of the Lebanese factions in forging a more broadly based national government. Lebanese President Amin Gemayel, whose weakness is often blamed for the slow progress, last week expressed the hope that the leaders of those factions would soon resume their reconciliation talks in Switzerland. If those discussions are successful, they could pave the way for the eventual withdrawal of the Marines and the other members of the Multi-National Force in Lebanon. President Reagan reaffirmed the U.S. commitment to that force but suggested, for the first time, that the Marines would be pulled out if there ever were such a "collapse of order" that no peaceful resolution of the Lebanese conundrum could be achieved.

Even as the big guns of the *New Jersey* were firing last week, U.S. Special Envoy Donald Rumsfeld was in Damascus conferring with Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam. Little was accomplished, but the fact that the session was held at all was an achievement of sorts. In the streets of the capital, 50,000 Syrians rallied to praise President Hafez Assad and to demonstrate against U.S. military power.

Though Rumsfeld did not meet with Assad, that privilege was reserved for Saudi Arabia's Foreign Minister, Prince Saud al Faisal. He became the first foreign visitor to meet with Assad since Nov. 9, when the Syrian President dropped out of sight after suffering from what the government officially labeled as appendicitis. In television footage aired after the meeting with the prince, Assad looked wan and fragile. Whether he remained seriously ill and will require a long period of convalescence, as many reports have suggested, was a secret the Syrians were keeping to themselves. *—By William E. Smith. Reported by Dean Brelis/Beirut and Barry Hillenbrand/Kuwait, with other bureaus*

Holding up photos of Assad, Syrians demonstrate in Damascus against U.S.

REZA—S PA BLACK STAR

DISASTERS

Carnage on a London Street

A terrorist bomb devastates Harrods

It was the last weekend before Christmas, and on the vast sales floors of Harrods, London's fashionable department store, thousands of customers roamed through acres of lavish displays. Suddenly, at 1:20 p.m. Saturday, a car parked outside exploded with a thunderous roar that could be heard all the way to Buckingham Palace, one mile away. As debris flew like shrapnel, black smoke soared into the air. Said Harry Aspey, a British reporter who was slightly hurt by the blast just as he was leaving the store: "It was as if the world had come to an end. Glass came raining down from the sky, it seemed, for minutes."

On the street, dead and injured shoppers lay crumpled beside torn bags spilling with holiday purchases. As firemen and ambulances sped to the scene, police closed off the area by stringing white plastic tape from lampposts. Across the side street where the blast occurred, Munna Malik, 33, had been serving customers in a clothing store near by when the explosion blew in the windows of his shop. He escaped through a rear fire exit and returned to the street, where he found three bodies and a dead dog beside the flaming remains of a car. Said Malik: "Only the legs of a policeman were recognizable as human. He had no face left."

Rescuers aid a wounded policeman

As cars burn, smoke billows in front of Harrods after the blast

The police, tragically, had been searching for the bomb when it went off, apparently detonated by remote control. Forty minutes earlier, a caller with an Irish accent had phoned the Samaritans, a voluntary organization, to announce: "Car bomb outside Harrods. Two bombs in Harrods." Scotland Yard was notified, and a team of police, including animal handlers and trained "sniffer" dogs, was dispatched to the store. At least five people died, and 91 were injured.

The caller to the Samaritans had identified himself as a member of the Irish Republican Army, and the police had no reason to doubt his word. It was the most brutal I.R.A. action in London since a double bombing in July 1982 that killed four troopers of the Queen's Household Cavalry in Hyde Park and seven members of the Royal Green Jackets Band in Regent's Park. It was not the first time the I.R.A. had chosen the holiday season to mount bombing campaigns in English cities. Following intelligence reports from Northern Ireland, London police had been warning citizens that they had better brace for a Christmas blitz.

Condemnation of the attack poured in from all sides. Labor Leader Neil Kinnock expressed his horror at "this insane assault upon innocent people." Calling the bombing "brutal and barbaric," Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher declared: "It is a crime against humanity, and at Christmas it is particularly cruel." Not surprisingly, the event stirred renewed calls for the death penalty for terrorist killings. ■

Interrupted Revelry

It was a grisly weekend elsewhere in Europe too. Alcalá 20, a popular Madrid discothèque, was still crowded with some 500 revelers spending their Christmas bonuses early Saturday morning when the plastic curtains above the stage caught fire. Within minutes a fireball engulfed the basement dance hall, trapping many people in the cloakroom. Others suffocated or were crushed to death as they stampeded up the stairs through thick clouds of smoke toward exits that had been blocked to prevent more people from entering. The police could not immediately determine how the blaze had started. At least 78 people were killed and 25 injured. Said a Spanish newsman, who was among the first to view the horror: "I have only recently returned from Lebanon. Even there I saw nothing like this."

In Amsterdam, a gunman carrying a can of gasoline burst into Casa Rosso, a gambling and sex club in the city's red-light district. As horrified guests watched at gunpoint, the man, a former employee, doused the floor and stairs with gasoline. He then shot his pistol into a fuel can, instantly setting the place ablaze. Patrons mobbed exits and jumped from upper-story windows as the fire consumed four 17th century row houses in the brothel and casino complex. The toll at week's end: 13 dead, 25 injured.

Spanish police carry out a victim of the Madrid disco fire

Welcome aboard Starship Camaro.

CHEVROLET

Today's Chevrolet

Grab hold of the

Camaro Berlinetta. Above, the night sky is black, punctuated by the flickering of stars and planets. Below, the white lines of the roadway snake deep into the unknown. Ahead, the blue-green glow of your instrument cluster advises you all systems are go on board Starship Camaro. This is not science fiction. This is Berlinetta.

Starship control central. Climb in. Buckle up. Adjust the retractable push-button instrument pods so your hands never have to leave the wheel in controlling vital functions. Turn the key and watch the system monitor perform seven preflight tests as the engine sparks to life. Blip the throttle and watch the vacuum-fluorescent tach dance to

future.

the rhythm of your right foot.

To orchestrate your voyage, dial up a symphony on the pivoting Delco stereo and optional graphic equalizer. (Radio may be deleted for credit.)

Now, put it in gear, give it some gas and watch the digital speedometer numbers multiply. Set the available electronic speed control at your desired cruising speed. Your journey has begun.

Enter a new realm. Camaro Berlinetta is a higher form of terrestrial transportation. So climb on board and grab hold of the future.

Today's Chevrolet. Bringing you the cars and trucks you want and need. That's what Taking Charge is all about.

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Introducing CENTURY

Taste that delivers

IN THE MONEY SAVING 25 pack

Low Tar

Regular

Not available in all areas.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

EAST-WEST

Total Silence

A third arms-talk hiatus

For ten years members of the NATO Alliance and the Warsaw Pact have been meeting in Vienna to talk about decreasing their conventional military strengths in Europe. Last week the little-known 19-nation talks on Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR) came to an ambiguous halt. As the 31st round of the discussions dissolved, Dutch Representative Willem de Vos van Steenwijk announced that NATO representatives had called for further talks to start in January 1984. But, he added, the Warsaw Pact delegation, headed by the Soviet Union, "has neither accepted this proposal nor proposed an alternative date nor provided any explanation for this procedure."

The MBFR hiatus came a week after Moscow avoided setting a date for the next round of U.S.-Soviet Strategic Arms Reduction Talks in Geneva over intercontinental nuclear arsenals and three weeks after the Soviet breakoff, with much threatening fanfare by Yuri Andropov, of the Geneva talks on Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) in Europe. Though the rupture in Vienna was less crucial, it meant that no arms limitation discussions of any kind were under way between the superpowers.

By bringing all three forums to a standstill, the Soviet Union evidently hoped to pressure the U.S. and its NATO allies into reversing the deployment of new cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe. The odds of Soviet success in that objective are just about nil, since NATO is standing firm in insisting that the Soviets are the ones who must change their INF posture. Nonetheless, at a meeting in Moscow last week with Finnish Foreign Minister Paavo Väyrynen, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko once again echoed the refrain that the aim of U.S. military policy is to "lord it over other countries," meaning the West Europeans.

Following the meeting with Gromyko, Väyrynen reported a Kremlin feeling that it cannot deal at all on arms matters with the present U.S. Administration. The depth of that feeling, however, is still open to question. As a senior Soviet official told TIME last week, "The situation is abnormal. We have to realize that Reagan may be in office for another five years and that this confrontation has gone far enough. We not only have to coexist with America, but coexist in a better atmosphere."

The Reagan Administration greeted last week's dissolution of the Vienna talks with a familiar litany of its own: expressions of regret and declarations of a readiness to negotiate whenever the Soviets are willing. President Reagan also kept a bland demeanor after meeting at the White House last week with Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who urged him to try harder to clarify the peaceful aims of U.S. arms control policies. Said Trudeau: "I found myself telling him that he should be communicating better, and he's the expert communicator." The President thanked Trudeau "for coming here and sharing your ideas with us."

The last remaining glimmer of hope for early resumption of the arms control dialogue now appears to be the Conference on Confidence and Security-Building Measures and Disarmament in Europe, a 35-nation gathering that aims at reducing East-West tensions. The meeting is scheduled to begin in Stockholm on Jan. 17. U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz has indicated that he will appear at the session, but Gromyko has been far less forthcoming. Even if both men attend, however, there is no guarantee in the current climate that Moscow will want to talk face to face about more than diplomatic niceties—or that the Soviets will take the opportunity to talk at all. ■

ARGENTINA

Clipped Wings

Alfonsín takes on the military

Peering over his half-moon reading glasses during a hastily arranged television broadcast, Argentina's newly elected President, Raúl Alfonsín, last week made the most dramatic announcement of his young administration. In the dry tones of a country lawyer, Alfonsín told his nationwide audience that he was sending to Congress a measure pressing charges of murder and torture against the leaders of three military juntas that waged the antiterrorist "dirty war" of the 1970s. During that period, at least 6,000 Argentine citizens disappeared. "The past casts a shadow over our future," he declared. "Utterly aberrant violations of rights that are the essence of human dignity cannot be left unpunished."

Alfonsín named nine generals and admirals, including three former Presidents: General Jorge Videla, who presided over the early days of the dirty war; General Roberto Viola, Videla's successor; and General Leopoldo Galtieri, author of the doomed attempt to capture the Falkland Islands last year. Alfonsín's decree called on the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces, which includes high-ranking officers from all three services, to pass "summary judgment" on the accused officers. Alfonsín announced that seven left-wing terrorists active during the '70s would be tried by civil courts. He also fulfilled one of his most emotional campaign pledges: repeal of the so-called amnesty law proclaimed by the outgoing junta to absolve the armed forces of their murderous excesses. At week's end Alfonsín appointed a 16-member commission to investigate the charges against the generals and admirals.

POVEDA—SIPA BLACK STAR

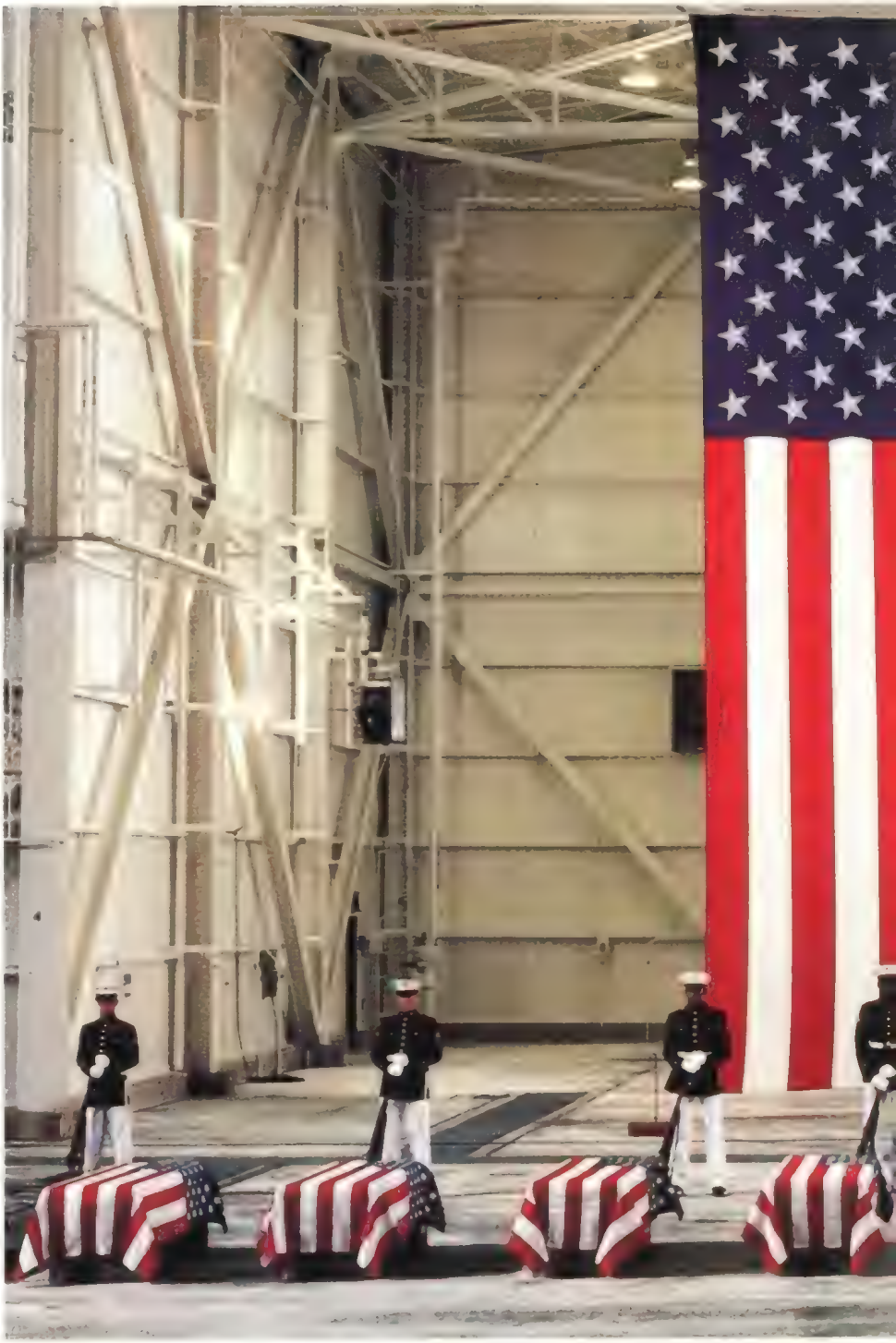
Alfonsín

There was no public reaction from the military, which in any case is too demoralized for the moment to interfere. Most other Argentines, meantime, have greeted the news with subdued satisfaction, even though the eventual sentences are not likely to be anything more severe than a year in jail and loss of pensions. As Human Rights Activist Emilio Mignone puts it: "The country is not looking for blood. There has been enough suffering."

Alfonsín apparently has other plans to clip the military's wings. Reports circulating in Buenos Aires have it that in a new budget to be presented to Congress in February, allocations to the military will be reduced from 37% of the national budget to 12% or 13%, a saving of $1.5 billion. If the new President has his way, the generals will stay in the barracks and out of politics. ■

1983 IMAGES

The American flag—no other image seemed to catch the eye so often in 1983: fluttering over bunkers in Beirut and beaches in the Caribbean; mocked and defaced at antinuclear rallies in Europe; draped over hundreds of coffins bearing fallen servicemen; hanging at half-staff from countless buildings; and, at right, adorning a cavernous hangar at Delaware's Dover Air Force Base to honor those slain in Grenada and Lebanon. The year will be remembered too for thumping election victories by a pair of European conservatives, a supersonic sally by an astronaut named Sally and a doomed 007. Happily, '83 offered a scintillating share of ceremonies and celebrations. A Queen was royally entertained, a bridge had a 100th birthday party, and a King (as in Kong) passed the 100th story.



■ PRESIDENT REAGAN AT SERVICES HONORING THOSE KILLED IN LEBANON AND GRENADA

"We commit our resources and risk the lives of those in our armed forces . . . to prevent humankind from drowning in a sea of tyranny."

PETER JORDAN

A MARINE CAPTAIN THREE DAYS BEFORE HEADQUARTERS WAS LEVELED

"We all know the hazards of being in the military, of being in Lebanon. We're all volunteers."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S SENATOR ERNEST HOLLINGS ON THE BOMBING

"If they've been put there to fight, there are far too few. If they've been put there to be killed, there are far too many."

A YOUNG MARINE GUARD AFTER THE ATTACK

"The explosion threw me against the wall. My God, I must be the last person alive in my section. I don't know why I'm living."

REED—MAGNUM

REZA—SIPA BLACK STAR

■ LEBANESE WIDOW

"The children are very frightened. They want me to take them away from here. We don't know what to do. We ask God."

■ ANTI-ARAFAT PALESTINIAN LEADER AHMED JEBRIL AS FACTIONAL FIGHTING RAGED IN TRIPOLI

"We stand in Arafat's headquarters and command post. We have seen how he ran. Arafat is finished."

■ FORMER LEBANESE CABINET MINISTER AFTER A TRIP TO EUROPE

"Driving back from the airport, for the first time I saw this place dying. It isn't ill any more; it's dying."

FOURNIER—CONTACT

NACHTWEY—BLACK STAR

■ PALESTINIAN ON THE DEVASTATION IN TRIPOLI

"My wife and mother cried when they saw those pictures."

REZA—SIPA/BLACK STAR

■ YASSER ARAFAT AT BAY IN TRIPOLI

"I am not a president. I am a freedom fighter."

IMAGES

MATTHEW NAYTHONS

■ AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENT IN GRENADA ON THE U.S. INVASION

"I saw the paratroopers jumping. It was thrilling, like an old John Wayne movie, but I knew people were going to get killed."

■ GENERAL JOHN VESSEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS

"We got a lot more resistance than we expected."

■ GRENADIAN WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR TO CUBAN EMBASSY

"Things were coming so unstuck that I'm sure we were just snatched in time from the devil's own mouth."

BURNETT—CONTACT

BURNETT—CONTACT

■ U.S. PARATROOPER ON PATROL IN GRENADA

"We're surrounded by friendlies."

IMAGES

■ BRITAIN'S TORY PRIME MINISTER MARGARET THATCHER WHILE CAMPAIGNING

"The only secret is that I love this job. There's never been one moment when I thought, Oh, my goodness, I wish I wasn't here."

■ WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR HELMUT KOHL AFTER HIS VICTORY

"My strength is that people are ready to buy a used car from me without testing it first."

■ ANTIWAR ACTIVIST PETRA KELLY ON PROTESTS AGAINST MISSILES

"The very possession of nuclear weapons is a crime."

■ ANTI-SANDINISTA *CONTRA* ON NICARAGUA'S FLIGHT

"During Somoza's times some of us were persecuted. Now everyone who dissents from the Sandinista Marxist view is persecuted."

■ SOVIET CHIEF OF STAFF NIKOLAI OGARKOV AT NEWS CONFERENCE ABOUT KAL FLIGHT 007

"The termination of the intruding flight was not an accident or an error."

■ PHILIPPINE OPPOSITION LEADER BENIGNO AQUINO BEFORE ARRIVAL IN MANILA

"I'm committed to return. If fate fails that I should be killed, so be it."

IMAGES

HAWAIIAN SPEAKING OF PELE, THE LOCAL GODDESS OF FIRE, AS LAVA FROM ERUPTING KILAUEA SURGED SEAWARD

"You know, I think she like go swimming."

COMMENT IN THE *AUSTRALIAN* ON THE "GREAT DRY" THAT DEVASTATED THE COUNTRY

"[This] is not just a rural catastrophe, it is a national disaster."

■ SALLY RIDE, FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN IN SPACE

"It's too bad that society isn't to the point yet where the country could just send up a woman astronaut and nobody would think twice about it."

■ U.N. AMBASSADOR JEANE KIRKPATRICK ON WILLIAM CLARK'S DEPARTURE AS NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER

"It is terribly undesirable for Bill Clark to leave and impossible for anybody else to do the job he was doing."

■ THE GAFFE THAT COST INTERIOR SECRETARY JAMES WATT HIS POST

"We have every kind of mixture you can have. I have a black. I have a woman, two Jews and a cripple."

■ WHITE HOUSE AIDE ON HOW HIS BOSS AND HOUSE SPEAKER TIP O'NEILL GET ALONG

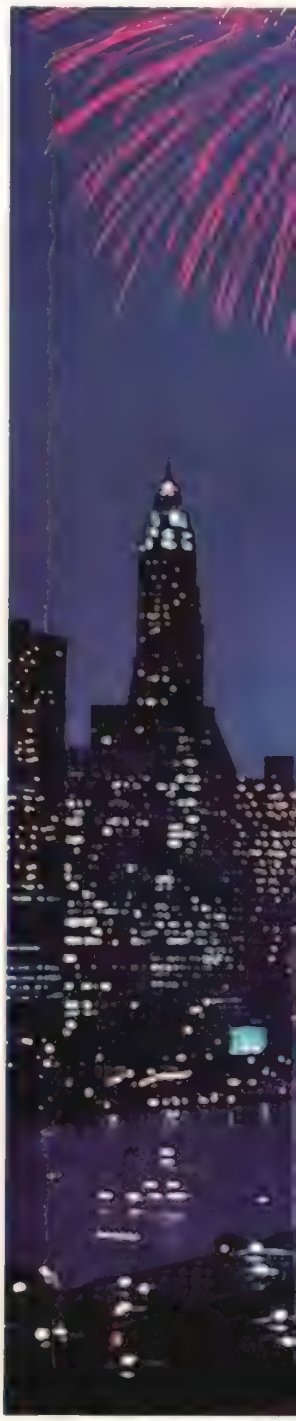
"Before 6 o'clock it's two Irishmen who agree to disagree . . . After 6 it's two Irishmen who love to swap stories."

■ PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL JESSE JACKSON WEIGHING WHETHER TO GET INTO THE RACE

"If you run, you might lose. If you don't run, you're guaranteed to lose."

IMAGES

LESLIE WONG



■ JAPANESE TECHNICIAN AS A SOMEWHAT DEFLATED KING KONG IS HOISTED ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

"It is so American. It is big. It is, if I may say, crazy. And it doesn't work."

■ CARRIE SMITH, 11, AT 100TH BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

"I'll tell my children about this. About how it made people in the city happy—very happy—for a little while."

BEN LEXCEN, DESIGNER OF *AUSTRALIA II* BEFORE IT BECAME THE FIRST CHALLENGER TO TAKE THE AMERICA'S CUP

"If we can't win this time, no one can win the bloody thing."

TRACK AND FIELD STAR CARL LEWIS ON HIS CHANCES OF SETTING NEW MARKS IN ALL THREE OF HIS SPECIALTIES

"I'm four inches away in the long jump, one tick from the world record in the 100-meter dash and three ticks in the 200. They're all within reach."

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, WINNER OF HER FOURTH WIMBLEDON WHEN ASKED IF SHE IS TOO TOUGH FOR OTHER WOMEN

"I hope so. I want to try to make it as boring as I can."

■ BOSTON'S CARL YASTRZEMSKI ON LEAVING BASEBALL AT AGE 44 AFTER 23 SEASONS

"I have played for one team, one area, and I hope I have represented it with class."

■ MARIEL HEMINGWAY, WHO HAD COSMETIC SURGERY BEFORE PLAYING IN *STAR 80*

"I hope people won't think this movie is about my breasts. I did have the implants. But I didn't do it for the role. It was for me, truly."

■ POP-VIDEO PHENOM MICHAEL JACKSON WHOSE LP *THRILLER* SOLD 20 MILLION COPIES

"I hate to take credit for songs I've written. I feel that somewhere, some place, it's been done, and I'm just a courier bringing it into the world."

■ ARTIST CHRISTO AFTER "WRAPPING" ELEVEN FLORIDA ISLANDS IN 6 MILLION SQ FT. OF PINK PLASTIC

"It's an irresponsible, irrational, poetic gesture."

■ *FLASHDANCE* SIREN JENNIFER BEALS ON HER SEXIEST SCENE

"That black leather skirt I wore was so tight that I feared it would rip—so I lifted it sky-high."

■ JOHN TRAVOLTA ON HIS IMAGE IN *STAYING ALIVE*

"To be where I am, you have to be a sex symbol in some fashion or another."

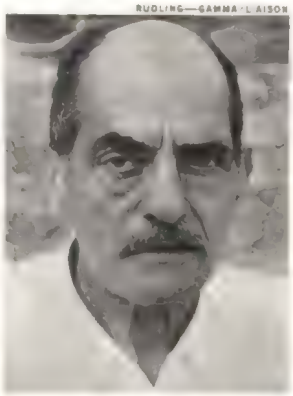
QUEEN ELIZABETH IN SAN FRANCISCO NEAR THE END OF A RAINY TOUR, DELIVERING THE LINE THAT BROKE UP REAGAN

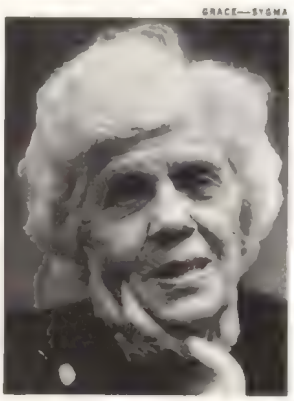
"I knew before we came that we have exported many of our traditions to the U.S., but I had not realized that weather was one of them."

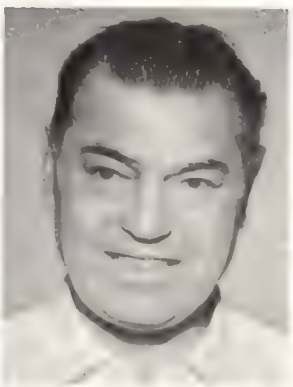
PRESIDENTIAL CHIEF OF STAFF JAMES BAKER ON THE MAN IN THE OVAL OFFICE

"He likes his job."

IMAGES
Farewells







GEORGE BALANCHINE, 79
Choreographer

"I am a dancer, body, soul and brain."

EUBIE BLAKE, 100
Ragtime Pianist

"Be grateful for luck. Pay the thunder no mind—listen to the birds. And don't hate nobody."

PAUL ("BEAR") BRYANT, 69
Alabama Football Coach

"I've learned over the years how to hold a team together. How to lift some men up, how to calm down others, until finally they've got one heartbeat, together, a team."

LUIS BUÑUEL, 83
Film Maker

"Surrealism taught me that man is never free, yet fights for what can never be. That is tragic."

LILLIAN CARTER, 85
Jimmy Carter's Mother

"I'm a Christian, but that doesn't mean I'm a long-faced square. I like a little bourbon."

BARNEY CLARK, 62
First Artificial Heart Recipient

To his doctors after their pioneering operation

"You folks have learned something."

JOE DELANEY, 24
Pro Football Running Back

Just before plunging into a Louisiana pond and drowning trying to rescue two boys:

"I can't swim good, but I've got to save those kids."

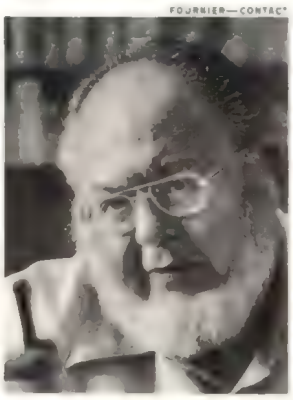
JACK DEMPSEY, 87
Heavyweight Champion

To his wife after losing his crown:

"Honey, I forgot to duck."

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER, 87
Inventor-Philosopher

"I am not a thing—a noun. I seem to be a verb, an evolutionary process—an integral function of the universe."



ARTHUR GODFREY, 79
Radio-TV Host

Fred Allen on Godfrey's success:

"The man with the barefoot voice."

IRA GERSHWIN, 86
Lyricist

Some catchy words for Brother George's music

" 'S wonderful! 'S marvelous
You should care for me!
'S awful nice! 'S paradise
'S what I love to see!"

HENRY ("SCOOP") JACKSON, 71
Politician

"I seek to make America good again."

HERMAN KAHN, 61
Futurologist

"Thermonuclear war may seem unthinkable, immoral, insane, but it is not impossible."

ARTHUR KOESTLER, 77
Writer

His choice as epitaph:

"He did his best—and it wasn't good enough."

MEYER LANSKY, 81
Gangster

Lucky Luciano on Lansky's talent:

"I used to tell Lansky that he may've had a Jewish mother, but some place he must've been wet-nursed by a Sicilian."

DAVID NIVEN, 73
Actor

"I have a face that is a cross between two pounds of halibut and an explosion in an old-clothes closet. If it isn't mobile, it's dead."

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, 80
Actor

"Actors are the jockeys of literature. Others supply the horses, the plays, and we simply make them run."

JESSICA SAVITCH, 36
TV Newscaster

"Work is my narcotic. I get high from it."

GLORIA SWANSON, 84
Actress

As a fading star in Sunset Boulevard, *replying to the comment, "You used to be big":*

"I am big. It's the pictures that got small."

REBECCA WEST, 90
Journalist-Novelist

George Bernard Shaw on her gift

"Rebecca can handle a pen as brilliantly as ever I could and much more savagely."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, 71
Playwright

"I was brought up puritanically. I try to outrage that puritanism."

RED STANDS OUT.
WHEN MAKING THE ROUNDS.
ITS DISTINCT
PREMIUM TASTE
MAKES IT
THE WORLD'S
BEST SELLING
SCOTCH
JOHNNIE
WALKER
RED.
Johnnie Walker.

Atkins and Blair: jingle belle

Shatner: knows if you've been bad

Shepherd: with her nose so bright

Mr. T and friend: goodness's sake

People

'Twas the week before
Christmas and all
thru the press
Celebs were a-stirring
in old Saint Nick's
dress . . .

The strapping Santa who dropped in on the White House tour of Christmas decorations really wowed the children of the Washington diplomatic corps. Sporting a sleeveless red suit, white feathers and a mane of jingling gold jewelry, **Mr. T,** who is too bighearted to fit in the chimney, arrived at the door toting a bag stuffed with little t dolls. After **Nancy Reagan** took her turn on his knee and planted a kiss in between his Mandinka haircut, the mock-surly Santa had a warning for the assembled media: "Now don't you go writing anything mean about the Reagans, or I'll have to call on you." Look out, Larry Speakes, someone is after your job.

Meanwhile, out in Hollywood there must not have been a Santa suit left to rent anywhere. TV's T.J. Hooker, otherwise known as **William Shatner,** 52, got decked out for an episode of the show that airs Christmas Eve, with Hooker undercover—and underbeard—to bag some surprised crooks. At the annual Golden Apple Awards party, the mystery Santa was **Cybill Shepherd,** 33. With rouged nose plus paunch and beard, she took advantage of her out-of-form anonymity to dance with **Linda Evans** and flirt with **Tom Selleck.** "Contemplating Tom Selleck without him knowing who I was made it all worthwhile," she laughed. At another bash, there was no cover-up or anonymity for **Linda Blair,** 24, who wore a sexy mini that matched the suit worn by her pal and escort, **Christopher Atkins,** 22. And who was she? Twinkled Blair: "I'm Santa's little helper."

Tending to the flock: Lemmon as Father Farley in *Mass Appeal*

The first time **Jack Lemmon** played a priest was in 1949 on a live television program with Charlton Heston. "I think I received $25, and Chuck received $40," chuckles Lemmon, 58. Now, 34 years later, and presumably for a few dollars more, he has returned to the church in *Mass Appeal*, a movie version of the 1981 Broadway drama, playing Father Tim Farley, a complacent parish padre. The actor believes that "films over the years have treated priests less rigidly." To be sure. It is difficult to imagine a post–Vatican II Barry Fitzgerald.

■

A "well-researched, flatly written work-up," said the prepublication review of *Poor Little Rich Girl: The Life and Legend of Barbara Hutton*. But Dr. Edward A. Kantor, a Beverly Hills throat specialist, had a flatly different opinion of **C. David Heymann's** book about the sensational life of the Woolworth heiress. There were a number of inaccuracies in the text, charged the doctor, including a libelous one reporting that Kantor once prescribed an excessive amount of drugs for Hutton. He had an unassailable point, since he was only 14 years old at the time he was supposedly making his Rx. Last week Random House agreed to recall and destroy as many books as possible. No estimated cost was disclosed, but 58,000 copies have already been shipped to bookstores across the country. The author claims his story still has a happy ending, though. Says Heymann: "The book has been sold for a movie. The movie is going to be made. I've made a lot of money." Does being rich mean never having to say you're sorry?

■

There are glimpses of him chopping wood and playing tennis at his secluded and heavily guarded Cavendish, Vt., estate. In an 80-minute interview on the popular French literary talk show *Apostrophes*, Soviet Exile **Alexander Solzhenitsyn,** 65, among other things reiterated his plea to the American people to stand up to the Soviet Union ("Do not go down on your knees like the pacifists of Western Europe"). The writer's ringing endorsement of the virtues of military power might be welcome at the White House, but it is bound to irk Europe's leftist intellectuals—something that should suit the Nobel laureate just fine.

—By Guy D. Garcia

Solzhenitsyn at his hideaway

LIP SERVICE.

GE SERVICE.

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You already know the frustration of lip service. Now try GE service. There's no other service like it.

WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.

GE

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COVER STORY

Sing a Song of Seeing

Rock videos are firing up a musical revolution

"Have you seen the new Michael Jackson song?"

—One ten-year-old to another, on a Manhattan subway

And you may find yourself living
in a shotgun shack
And you may find yourself in
another part of the world
And you may find yourself behind
the wheel of a large
automobile
And you may find yourself in
a beautiful house, with a
beautiful wife
And you may ask yourself—
Well . . . how did I get
here?

—David Byrne, *Once in a Lifetime*

You may also find yourself in the Schaumburg Snuggery. For navigational purposes, it will help to know that you are 21 miles northwest of Chicago. Not the twilight zone exactly, but not the main stem either. With a little imaginative set decoration, the Schaumburg Snuggery could be converted to a roadhouse from a John O'Hara novel; a juke joint from the Big Band era; a belly-up beer parlor with a platform for a three-piece oldies combo; or the only place in America where no one has heard that disco is dead. A perfect period set—for any period—if it were not for those screens.

There are eleven of them, some as big as a wallboard, others as small as your home tube. They are not there to fill the Schaumburg Snuggery with guzzlers who want to watch a weekend of football. Those eleven piercing rectangles all over the place are strictly for music. People dance and drink and date, all while seeing music.

Yes. Seeing.

Michael Jackson. David Byrne and Talking Heads. Billy Joel. David Bowie. All of them, and dozens more, reeling and rocking across those eleven screens in a serenade of sensory overload. The place is packed. "We haven't played a record since last June," says the Snuggery's John Clausen, whose video disc jockeys play tapes the way radio deejays spin platters. So rock on, Schaumburg Snuggery. You may be just a secondary target in the great video blitzkrieg—the vidblitz—that has shaken up Hollywood, salvaged the record business and set up a whole new way of responding to music. But at least you're tuned in. Wired. When the global village starts to rock, you'll be right on the fault line.

Increasingly, and perhaps irreversibly, audiences for American mainstream music will depend, even insist, on each song's being a full audiovisual confronta-

A gallery of videos, clockwise from top: motorcycles make a run down *Electric Avenue;* Laurie Anderson passes along some comic cosmic reflections in *O Superman;* David Byrne plunges in *Once in a Lifetime;* David Bowie concertizes on behalf of *Modern Love;* Michael Jackson steps high in *Beat It;* Donna Summer leaves no doubt *She Works Hard for the Money;* robots run amuck in *Rockit*

tion. Why should sound alone be enough when sight is only as far away as the TV set or the video machine? Whole generations have had their brains fried with a cathode ray tube, a condition that creates a certain impatience and shortness of attention when limited to aural input. Posterity can rest easy—as Billy Joel points out, "Beethoven didn't have no videos, and he's been hanging in there"—but for rockers, popsters and soul brethren, video will be the way to keep time with the future.

Video is manna on magnetic tape to rock performers and, even more, to the companies that make money from their music. The whole business had topped off in 1978, when 726 million records and tapes were shipped to a rock-sotted world. The next year, the bottom fell out. Revenues plunged 10.2%. Not only was music caught in the general economic clinch; there was a feeling that everything had peaked, maybe even played itself out. Punk and new wave had created much press excitement, but never really broke through to a wide audience. Radio was hidebound by tightly formatted playlists: same sounds, same rhythms, in the same familiar rotations. Radio was the time-honored conduit to keep the music flowing, but it was becoming antiquated.

It was clear that something new was needed. It was not quite so clear that the very something was already there, waiting to be turned on like a simple . . . television set. While the record business hit the skids, home video and cable television were perking along. New means for old dreams.

There was no single pioneer, no moment of signal inspiration. The vidblitz began before anyone knew the planes were flying in formation. Illustrated songs, little three- or four-minute clips, began to rain down on television and clubs in late 1980. Some of them were concert performances, shot and edited with perfunctory flash; others were like surrealistic visual riffs on the song, head comics for beginners, production numbers soaked in blotter acid. A technological catchall, video quickly became a generic name for these detonations of sight and sound, just as those little items played on a phonograph were named for the way they were transcribed or recorded.

Now, at latest count, there are 200 programs all across the country that do nothing but show rock videos. MTV is a cable network entirely given over to the playing and perpetuating of rock video, not only as a new form but as a fresh commercial force. It is the hottest basic cable operation in history.

"Since the beginning of time—1956—rock 'n' roll and TV have never really hit it off," reflects Keith Richard of the Rolling Stones. "But suddenly, it's like they've gotten married and can't leave each other

alone." One wonders if anyone worked out a prenuptial contract; there are some impressive numbers involved in all this. When it went on the air in August 1981, MTV was carried on 300 cable outlets, capable of reaching 2.5 million homes. Now it is hitting 2,000 cable affiliates and more than 17½ million households. In 1983, according to a just released study by Industry Analyst Mark Riely, overall record sales should hit $3.77 billion, up 5% from last year. MTV, which pulled down approximately $7 million in ad revenue for the first 18 months of its life, will cart in more than $20 million by the end of 1983.

On the underside of the bottom line is the music, and for those who do not like to study the numbers, there is Duran Duran, an affable, uninspired British band currently aglow with success. Says Norman Samnick, senior vice president of Warner Communications, which is MTV's proud parent: "I think Duran Duran owes its life to MTV." Duran Duran, in the person of Synthesizer Player Nick Rhodes, agrees: "MTV was instrumental in breaking us in America." Even the record industry could beam in on the phenomenon when it noticed that the Duran Duran album, *Rio*, was being sold out at half the record stores in Dallas and was gathering dust in the other half. A check of the local television listings showed that parts of the city that were wired for cable and carrying MTV were the very same parts where the album was flourishing.

No one needs cable to see Duran Duran or Michael Jackson anymore. Duran Duran has put out a "video album." The wise fathers at Sony have issued one of their new Video 45s (cassettes with twelve to 20 minutes of playing time) featuring still more Duran Duran material. Last week a tape of Michael Jackson's exuberant *Thriller* video went on sale. Also on the cassette was a documentary chronicling the making of the quick flick and several scenes of Michael cavorting variously on a Motown special, through his *Beat It* clip and, at age eight, in front of a home-movie camera. This nifty one-hour package goes for $29.95.

All right, all right, it must be admitted: Michael Jackson is a special case. He may be the hottest single in show business right now. He is a supremely gifted performer, the Fred Astaire of video. But no one is too big for a video boost. *Thriller*, the megahit Jackson album, had already sold more than 2 million copies in the U.S. when the first video, *Billie Jean*, hit the clubs and the air waves. The album went on to sell more than 10 million additional copies. Jackson was on such a streak that he could, with impunity, spend an estimated $1.1 million for the sassy 14 minutes of *Thriller* video, which allows him to put on all manner of baroque monster makeup and boogie with the living dead.

This seems like a hefty slice of cash for what many people consider essentially a promo item, but MTV, though it gets its clips gratis, paid $250,000 for the exclusive rights to show the documentary, from which it lifted the *Thriller* video intact; Showtime paid $300,000 for pay-cable rights; and Vestron Video reportedly plunked down an additional $500,000 to market the cassette, in which Jackson has what the folks in business affairs call "a profit participation." Not only that, the *Thriller* album, already out for a year, went into the holiday season selling about 200,000 copies a week. After *Thriller* had been on MTV for only five days, album sales went up to 600,000.

That is a prime instance, not only of star power, but of video energy. No one can resist its gravitational pull, and there seems to be less and less reason even to try. It might help to know the numbers—63% of MTV's audience, for example, is under 25—but statistics often tell less about a phenomenon than simple observation. Check out one of the year's biggest hit movies: *Flashdance* has the shameless energy of a prototypical rock video. Look at how the kids are dressing: off the shoulder, like Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*, on the razzle, like Michael Jackson in *Beat It*, or like Boy George *in extremis*. Students at Holy Rosary Academy in San Bernardino, Calif., are by no means atypical. They learn the latest by watching groups on videos doing dances like the Centipede and Popping.

Electra Records made only 15 videos last year; this year it has made 43. The few video holdouts, like Bruce Springsteen, remain exceptions who are becoming increasingly isolated. Almost every major rocker has made a video and sent it into the pipeline: MTV, local and network rock programs and clubs. You can dance as you watch in New York and San Francisco, as well as at the Schaumburg Snuggery. At Flip-It in Bayside, N.Y., customers get a haircut with a jolt of video rock. At the Panic House in West Hollywood, Calif., patrons can eat to videos, which seems appropriate for an establishment that bills itself as "a Franco-Japanese restaurant of the future." Up the coast, groovies of all ages can "rock and bowl" at Park Bowl, hard by San Francisco's Golden Gate, where a 9-ft. by 12-ft. screen hangs above the 22 lanes. "The normal league bowlers don't think much of this," confesses Manager Gilbert Klein.

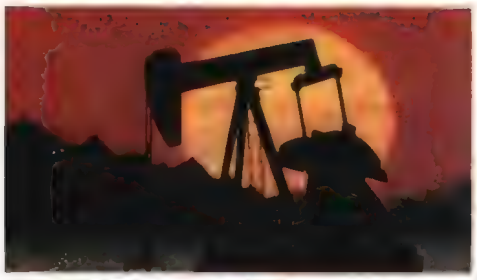
At its core, rock video is the kind of cultural shotgun wedding that delights the heart of any aging McLuhanist: rock, radio, movies, music, video, new technologies and new marketing tilting the popular culture onto an angle so it can, if so ordained, slip off onto a whole new course. "The musician in me really resents having to interpret my music into something visual," says Billy Joel. "But the thing that outweighs all of that is that video is a form of communication. Why not use every means of communication available?" Joel has communicated extremely well—his videos are among the genre's most elaborate and effective—but his new commitment to the form, as well as his excellence at it, shows the flair of a born survivor. It is not necessary to be a pioneer, as David Bowie was when he started making videos back in the early '70s. It is only necessary to know that at the moment, and likely for the future, hearing a song will be fine, but only seeing will be believing.

So . . . roll the tapes.

Puttin' on the clips at the Ritz in Manhattan: the crowd watches *Say Say Say*

"Video is a luxury and a freedom. You're instantly the star of your own movie."

Remember when Sunoco was all you knew about Sun Company?



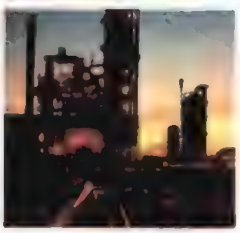
Time was when you could pull into a Sunoco station and know just about all you needed to know about our company.

We were the innovators in custom-blended gasoline and Sun Dial pumps, the ones who were responsive to do-it-yourselfers, and now we're the stations that charge no penalties for credit card purchases. Sunoco wants you to have the products and services you need when you need them.

But Sunoco is just one part of Sun, a company that's been in the energy business for nearly a hundred years. So naturally, there's a lot more to Sun than Sunoco.

At Sun, we focus our human and financial resources on the development and production of energy from a variety of sources. Oil, oil sands, natural gas, geothermal and coal.

And the reason is the same it always was. To make sure you have what you need when you need it.



SUN

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The line

The line is low and long. The line is straight through a curve. The line is strong.

The line of Honda Civic Hatchbacks for 1984. Their new design and advanced engineering make these new cars absolutely remarkable.

Sit in the front seat of the new Civic and your vision improves. The hoodline is lower. There's more room above your head in the back seat because the roofline is longer. Behind the back seat is a generous cargo area.

These are among the most space-efficient automobiles ever manufactured by Honda.

You can easily reach the controls. They are logically placed. They work smoothly. And all of the instruments read both quickly and clearly.

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is drawn.

The outline of the new Civics makes the best use of aerodynamic design. Even the doors wrap over the top to conceal the drip rails and reduce wind drag. The rear spoiler also deflects air down the rear window to help keep it clear from dust.

There is a totally new and compact suspension system. It gives excellent directional stability. Yet it rides like a much larger automobile.

The practical Honda Civic Hatchback comes with a peppy 1342cc engine and a manual 4-speed. While the new, larger 1488cc 12-valve engine powers the deluxe Civic DX and also the sporty Civic S. These two come with a manual 5-speed shift.

But there is a new 3-speed automatic with a torque converter lock-up available in the Civic DX Hatchback.

All three Civics have new interior features that must be seen and experienced in person to be fully appreciated. And they are all standard.

All things considered, the new line of Civics is one line you will love being handed.

HONDA

The New Civics

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK 100s FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS

Nobody does it lower.

NOW

THE LOWEST

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THE HISTORY-AT-HOME-IN-YOUR-SPARE-TIME VIDEO

Hands up, class: Who remembers Scopitone? No one? Well, it's a tough question. Scopitone jukeboxes were European imports, vintage early to mid-'60s, which played, for a deposit of 25¢, a faded, grainy color picture of, say, *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini* with some Neapolitan pop star mouthing the lyrics. It was difficult to determine in what language the lyrics were being mouthed; the sound track was often English, but the lip calisthenics were unmistakably Mediterranean.

A little video lineage: Harvey Keitel at the climax of *Mean Streets*

It took full-size movies more than a decade to catch up with the dramatic potential of rock 'n' roll. Two films were instrumental in breaking the barrier: Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* (1969), with its hippie rock, and Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* (1973), in which the urban raunch of the Rolling Stones and the Ronettes was used the same way Luchino Visconti used opera.

Movie musicals are the other historical touchstones: the grand ballroom turns of Astaire and the sidewalk acrobatics of Gene Kelly in essence. But in fact, and in direct lineage, nothing connects the video present with the movie past so directly as three films made in England. There were the two kinetic musicals that Richard Lester directed for the Beatles, *A Hard Day's Night* (1964) and *Help!* (1965), and *Performance*, the definitive rock-'n'-roll nightmare of 1970, wherein Co-Directors Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell had a pop star, played by Mick Jagger, swap identities with a hood. Jagger's centerpiece number was a malevolent and mystical barrage of imagery that could be every rock-video director's tapsource and textbook. The movie did not seem so much to impact as simply to implode. The effects can still be seen, 24 hours a day, on MTV.

THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES DOCUMENTARY VIDEO

Now these words from David Mallet, who has directed several hundred videos for the likes of Bowie, the Boomtown Rats and Roxy Music: "If someone from outer space arrived and you played him a record, he might say, 'I can hear it, but why can't I see it?' " You can rest easy now, Spaceman.

Any space case could see that at this tender point in their gestation, videos are a hyper hybrid of commercials, cartoons, concerts and selected short subjects. Record executives look for the high road but follow the hard line. "Rock video is terrific," says Gil Friesen, president of A & M Records, "but it is the music itself that creates the excitement, whether the music goes out over MTV or radio. Music is the ultimate power." John Kalodner of Geffen Records agrees: "Rock video isn't the art form. Rock video markets the art form."

The videomakers tend, with suitable modifications for ego, to go along with this sort of businesslike evaluation. Simon Fields, head of the Los Angeles branch of London's Limelight Productions, has produced more than 300 videos, and says, "We have to remember we are making a sales tool. These are little commercials. It is our job to make an artist look good." Even so, the skill of the videomakers often seems secondary to the music they visualize. Says Mallet: "You can make a good video of a bad record, and it doesn't do a thing. And you can make a bad video of a good record, and the record will sell anyway. A corollary is that it's very difficult to make a good video of a bad record. For some reason, if the record doesn't hang together, the pictures won't either."

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Jagger in *Performance*

Videomakers loot every resource for visual vocabulary. A random selection of a dozen clips could easily show influences as diverse as René Magritte and Orson Welles, *The Road Warrior* and *The Three Stooges*. Videos are often just as frenetic on the screen as on the sound track. Directors scrape and scramble to pack in the imagery, like so many soda jerks trying to push a quart of French vanilla into a pint container. "The problem is compression," says Julian Temple, who has made some 60 videos, including a current dazzler of the Rolling Stones' *Undercover of the Night*. "You have to layer each shot with a lot of meaning. When you see a video the first time you should get the overall idea. When you see it again, you should get a little more, and a little more again the third time. It's like the time-release cold capsule."

Videos often seem just as plentiful and, comparatively, just as costly. Their average budget is about $20,000 to $40,000, and the majority are shot in a day or two. That sort of speed, and per dollar value, has its appeal for such film makers as John Landis, Mike Hodges and Bob Rafelson, who have worked within the slower, costlier Hollywood system. Tobe Hooper *(The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Poltergeist)* shot Billy Idol's *Dancing with Myself* in two days, edited it in a week, and saw it on the air two weeks after that. "You can have fun and experiment and try new things with rock video," Hooper says. "The medium is so immediate."

Although lean budgets and tight production schedules are still the norm, such exceptions as *Thriller* and the Paul McCartney–Michael Jackson *Say Say Say* are stirring interest. Every major record label now has its own in-house video department. Video budgets are getting to be as hotly negotiated as salary increases whenever a performer's contract comes up for renewal. "A video indicates to an artist a level of acceptance and prestige," says Gil Friesen. Says Len Epand, general manager of Polygram Records' video division: "Videos are collectible and deserve to be purchasable. Right now music video is paid for with marketing funds. I'd like to see video financed through sales of the clips themselves."

Video looms so large now that it is putting pressure on the performers it is meant to serve. Rickie Lee Jones doesn't much like what she sees on MTV ("The videos are like old Monkees shows.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Rock iconography, 1960s-style: the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night*

Eyestrain or muscle stress? Both are a risk during "Rock and Bowl" nights in San Francisco

They're nonsense, a real waste of time and money"), but she is now writing a new album "as it should be done. I'm writing the video as I write the songs." Olivia Newton-John actually hired a video writer to run up a script for an album that will be planned around the resultant scenario. Songwriters will receive a précis and be asked to compose to order.

"I've written songs sometimes just thinking about a visual," says Billy Joel. Notes Ellen Foley: "Video is a luxury and a freedom. You're instantly the star of your own movie." David Byrne of Talking Heads, one of the relatively few musicians who also directs, is at work on an album-length video, but offers some words of general guidance and caution. "I tend to like to have relatively few visual links to the lyrics of the song. I feel that you pigeonhole the song that way, that you detract from the lyrics by interpreting them. Images in *Burning Down the House* have to do with the music, not the lyrics. The images of the fire and the house link to the words, but the house is never burning. That would be a cliché."

Getting serious also means getting down to business and avoiding the abundance of visual bromides that pelt down on most videos like a fine acid rain. There are honorable, even commanding exceptions *(see box)*, but the majority of clips now in circulation are labored ephemera with heavily imitative associations, fully worthy of one executive's dismissive characterization as "this year's satin jackets." Observes Temple: "A lot of videos steal surreal images from places like *Zoom* magazine and the French *Vogue*."

It is the props that get to Gerald Casale, co-founder and video director of Devo, one of the first and funniest of new-wave video bands. "Directors take these songs by groups who have nothing to say, and try to contrive a handle by repeatedly using an object and implying it is some kind of totem. The number of girls on MTV picking up wine glasses and lockets and earrings and breaking them or stepping on them with high heels cannot be believed."

If the pervading silliness is worrisome, there are matters of even greater impact implicit in the vidblitz. Although Keith Richard readily admits, "You can always enjoy dressing up and leaping about for a few minutes," he wonders where struggling beginners will get the means to do it for the camera. "If new bands have to worry about the cost of making a record, and also about making a video, how is that going to weigh out? What about the few who get a lucky crash on a video and sell a record—how much does that have to do with the record itself?"

That will be a tough call, but the trend is already established. Says Greg Geller, vice president of RCA Records: "Personal appearance has always been a factor, but since the advent of videos it has become crucial." Says Dan Beck, merchandising director for CBS Associated labels: "One of the reasons Cyndi Lauper was signed was because she'll be a great film performer." An executive at CBS, which distributes *Portrait*, is even blunter. "Lauper had the vocals as well as the visuals, or she wouldn't have been signed."

THE MTV VIDEO

The following objections to MTV are widely heard. It is arid. It is racist. It is all fattened up on white bread and too low on funk. The hosts are a carefully vetted collection of bubble brains.

And then there is this: that for all the new technology, and the increasing availability of video goods to the general consumer; for all the local programs, and NBC's weekly *Friday Night Videos;* for all the new clubs and old joints and even the Schaumburg Snuggery; for all the new ways and new places to see music videos . . . MTV is still, for this moment, the place to be. It is not just the major leagues, it is the league, almost unto itself.

Not only has the success of MTV forced radio to play a wider variety of music—to "open its playlists," as industry slang puts it—it has itself assumed both the aspect of radio and much of its influence. "MTV is the largest radio station in America," says CBS Records Vice President Frank M. Dileo.

If MTV has a driving force, it is probably Robert Pittman, 29, a former radio program director who formatted stations to fit the tastes of the listeners it had, and

Well, it beats beefing about your love life: a new approach to hair styling in New York

"The problem is compression. You have to layer each shot with a lot of meaning."

the listeners it wanted. He did the same thing when he started to develop MTV in mid-1980. "Where is the Woodstock generation?" Pittman asks. "They're all old and bald." Pittman, who is suited and blow-dried, went after what he called "the TV babies. The set is part of our lives, we want it to respond to our every need and desire." He corralled an ad agency that promptly recycled a famous cereal slogan of the early 1960s ("I want my Maypo!") and transformed the message into a new catch phrase, "I want my MTV!" Most important, Pittman conducted the sort of sociological surveying that turns statistical science into show-biz witch doctory, with footnotes. "MTV was the most researched channel in television history," boasts Robert Roganti, MTV's vice president in charge of ad sales.

All the research indicated to Pittman that the world—especially the young world—was ready to listen, watch and dance to rock television. "Kids around 18 use music to define their identity the way people in middle age use cars and homes," he says. "We've moved from the antimaterialism of the 1960s to the 1980s, which is material-oriented." Pittman, in essence, used music as most radio stations have done for years: as a marching band for materialism.

MTV also understood from its statistical read-outs the sort of music that its audience wanted; for the first months of its life, black musicians on MTV were about as scarce as Sunrise Sermonettes. Before Michael Jackson's *Billie Jean* appeared on MTV last spring, Columbia Records threatened to withdraw all its tapes from the channel. "We can't be all things to all people," insists MTV Programming Chief Les Garland. "It's not an issue of the type of music or the color of who plays it. It's programming, pure and simple." Things have loosened up. MTV now plays Prince, Eddy Grant, Clarence Clemons and Donna Summer, and only last week added four more black artists. But the situation is still less than ideal. Says Carlos de Jesus, program director at New York's WKTU-FM: "MTV says their programming is just format. But they have no equivalent competition, so there's no equivalent place for black music to go."

MTV receives an average of two dozen new tapes every week and insists that it will play all of them, as long, in Les Garland's words, "as they have no gratuitous sex or violence, are technically sound and feature rock-'n'-roll music." The executives, not the deejays, make the choices, and researchers hit the phones, logging approximately 3,000 survey calls each week. Response helps determine how long a video stays on the air, and how frequently it will run. Lauper's *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*, for example, is breaking in with "light rotation" (one or two plays a day). Herbie Hancock's kinetic *Rockit* and Duran Duran's *Union of the Snake* rate "heavy rotation," which means four to five plays in 24 hours.

With all the heat and excitement, then, and the increased cash flow to the record companies, it comes as something of a surprise to learn that MTV is not yet in the black. Supplied free at first to cable services, it now costs cable operators 10¢ to 15¢ per customer per month. It may be a little early to expect a profit; no one is even sure how much it costs Warner-Amex to run MTV every year. (The best educated guess is $30 million.) Jack Schneider, Warner-Amex Satellite Entertainment Co. president, predicts profits "some time in 1984," but is vague about numbers. MTV chases advertisers, but, says McCann-Erikson Vice President Paul Green, "the channel's format is so distinctive. The question is whether you're going to create an ad just to run on their channel—is it worth it? More and more the advertisers are saying yes, but it will take time."

A modular moment: Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*

BRITT—VISAGE

KRAPP'S LAST VIDEO

Imagine some intrepid young director mounting a revved-up revival of Samuel Beckett's classic, with the scrofulous Krapp wheezing his memoirs onto videotape. It is a daunting prospect, but not perhaps (discounting the good taste of the author's literary agents) an entirely unlikely one. Video has already reached the stage, in *Beatlemania* for example, but it is practically inundating Hollywood.

Blame it on *Flashdance*. A seemingly impossible combination of a feminist *Rocky*, a bar girl *Fame* and *Jane Fonda's Workout*, *Flashdance* was planned before MTV even got on the air, and was in production when MTV first started to catch on. Critics, nevertheless, delighted in enumerating the movie's improbabilities and disparagingly pointed out its resemblance to a rock video. None of that seemed to trouble the paying public, which has forked over nearly $93 million to see *Flashdance* in the theater, an additional $47 million for the sound track and some $8 million for the privilege of owning the video cassette and getting down and getting groovy in the privacy of their homes.

Coming soon: Kevin Bacon limbers up in *Footloose*

BOBBIE REED—VISAGE

The plotting in *Flashdance* was as loose as the dancing, but, says Dawn Steel, the Paramount executive in charge of shepherding the film, "it was not designed to be a video movie. It happened to have a modular structure. The modules were interchangeable—they were even moved around in the editing—and that's what made the movie adaptable to MTV." Indeed, the theme from *Flashdance*, fitted out with appropriate clips from the movie, was an MTV smash. The *Flashdance* phenomenon was a confluence of good commercial instincts and some savvy guesswork, and now that Hollywood has found a new formula, indeed helped create one, it will not let go.

Virtually every major director of videos (Mulcahy, Steve Barron, Bob Giraldi, Brian Grant, Paul Justman) is in the throes of making a major studio feature. Warner Bros. Vice President Mark Canton

describes the studio's upcoming *Vision Quest* as *Rocky* and *Flashdance* meet *The Graduate*, and says, "A movie has to feel like sound." Miles Copeland, head of I.R.S. Records and Video, has put together a women's rock group made up half of actresses, half of musicians. The actresses are learning music, the musicians are learning to act, all for a Columbia project called *Exceptions to the Rule*, "a cross," according to Copeland, "between *Fame* and *Caged*. The women play music as therapy in a prison."

Movie screens will be as full of rock as the home tube. One of Hollywood's hottest movies for summer '84 is Walter Hill's *Streets of Fire*, with a title rerouted from Bruce Springsteen, a score featuring songs by the Blasters and Tom Petty, and some costumes designed by Giorgio Armani, all helping to spin out a hellish story set in the future imperfect. Even sooner, viewers can sample a fine, tough, sexy new movie called *Reckless*, with tunes by Romeo Void and Bob Seeger; a fake documentary called *This Is Spinal Tap*, directed by Rob Reiner, which chronicles with legitimate hilarity the American tour of the world's loudest and stupidest heavy-metal band; and *Footloose*, a kind of contemporary rock fable about a young man who comes to a benighted town in the Midwest where rock-'n'-roll music and dancing are forbidden. The director of *Footloose*, Herbert Ross, has considerable familiarity with the musical genre (he directed *Funny Lady*, *The Turning Point*, *Pennies from Heaven*), but felt that he needed a little updating. Ross's homework was watching rock videos.

For the future: sharper sound, better production, more finesse with image and story, more time as performers move away from the clip to the album-length format. All these are easy enough to predict, with certainty. But it is not easy to see where this will end. Indeed, there is the strong sense it may not end at all, that the forms will keep mutating, that the big screen and the small will shape, share and shift sizes, and that music will be the common ground.

"At the moment," says Brian Grant, "video is the new kid in town, and the big boys are playing with all the little boys' toys. I think that the future lies with the third- and fourth-generation directors, the children who will grow up with videos." It is worth noting that those people will be perhaps just a little impatient with merely seeing songs. They may very well want something different. Something more.

Stay tuned. ***—By Jay Cocks. Reported by Peter Ainslie and Adam Zagorin/New York and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles***

Laurie Anderson: *O Superman* (directed by Josh White). Performance art in outer space; a satellite transmission from a forbidden planet.

David Bowie: *Let's Dance* (Bowie and David Mallett). A sexy song fused onto a magical love story set in the big cities and the outback of Australia.

Devo: *Love Without Anger* (Gerald V. Casale). The syncopated anarchists of rock postmodernism use animated Ken and Barbie dolls and humanoid chickens to dispatch a characteristically acid valentine.

Peter Gabriel: *Shock the Monkey* (Brian Grant). Scarier than most horror movies: an electroshock anthem of alienation, with bleak music and bleached light.

Eddie Grant: *Electric Avenue* (Steve Barron). Edgy evocation of nighttime violence in the city, all done to an insinuating reggae beat.

Herbie Hancock: *Rockit* (Kevin Godley and Lol Creme). An infectious synth-jazz riff keeps a group of unlikely robots—all unfinished—dancing as they putter.

Billy Idol: *Dancing with Myself* (Tobe Hooper). A little tune about solitary recreation becomes a sci-f i nightmare of metropolitan devastation.

Michael Jackson: *Billie Jean* (Steve Barron); *Beat It* (Bob Giraldi); *Thriller* (John Landis). Even though *Thriller* is the most accomplished of the three, just think of all as one—the collected works of soul's youngest past master.

Billy Joel: *Tell Her About It* (Jay Dubin); *Pressure* (Russell Mulcahy). Elaborate, funny and winningly self-mocking: Joel's videos are true showcases and absolute show-stoppers.

The Kinks: *Come Dancing* (Julian Temple). Memory, comedy and a bit of sentiment in this bemused evocation of Britain's era of big bands and dance palaces.

Malcolm McLaren: *Duck Rock* videos. Actually, four separate videos, all directed by McLaren, spun off from his irresistible *Duck Rock* album. Each is an exercise in back-beat anthropology: *Double Dutch*, for example, is a spectacularly simple film of some New York City schoolgirls jumping rope.

Randy Newman: *I Love L.A.* (Tim Newman). Girls! Freeways! Donut shacks! Flash-cut postcards from the sunshine capital that are as winning and witty as the song itself.

Lionel Richie: *All Night Long* (Bob Rafelson). A sensuous production number, with gliding camera and giddy dancers, done in loving homage to the Hollywood grand style.

Rolling Stones: *Undercover of the Night* (Julian Temple). Blood and revolution south of the border; this is a perfect representation of the Stones '83—tough, nasty, sardonic and hell-bent.

Yosh and Stan Shmenge: *Power to the Punk People (Polka)* (Yelte Velton). Actually, Eugene Levy and John Candy, two grandmasters of comedy from *SCTV*, doing some memorable demolition work on excesses of the video genre. The Shmenges are a couple of accordion yankers whose attempts to go current have the impact of Lawrence Welk playing a guest set with the Grateful Dead.

Donna Summer: *She Works Hard for the Money* (Brian Grant). A nice bit of high-kicking feminism, angry and sexy at the same time.

Talking Heads: *Burning Down the House* (David Byrne); *Once in a Lifetime* (Byrne and Toni Basil). Psychedelic drawing-room comedy and fine-tuned anxiety, with a solid foundation of funk. If there were a contest for best of the best, Byrne would be the one to beat.

Tom Tom Club: *Genius of Love* (Anabelle Jankel and Rocky Morton). Animation that looks like student drawings on high school looseleafs come to life, all in sun-kissed colors. Charming and disarming.

The Who: *You Better You Bet* (John Crome). A simple performance video in black and white that would pass as the definitive lab experiment in harnessing kinetic energy.

Neil Young: *Wonderin* (Tim Pope). This is like an ersatz home movie, complete with bad cutting and discomforted principal players, in which the singer, accompanied by his three sleazy back-up singers, the Shocking Pinks, appears as a low-IQ parody of his public persona, neatly ridiculing himself and the extravagances of rock video.

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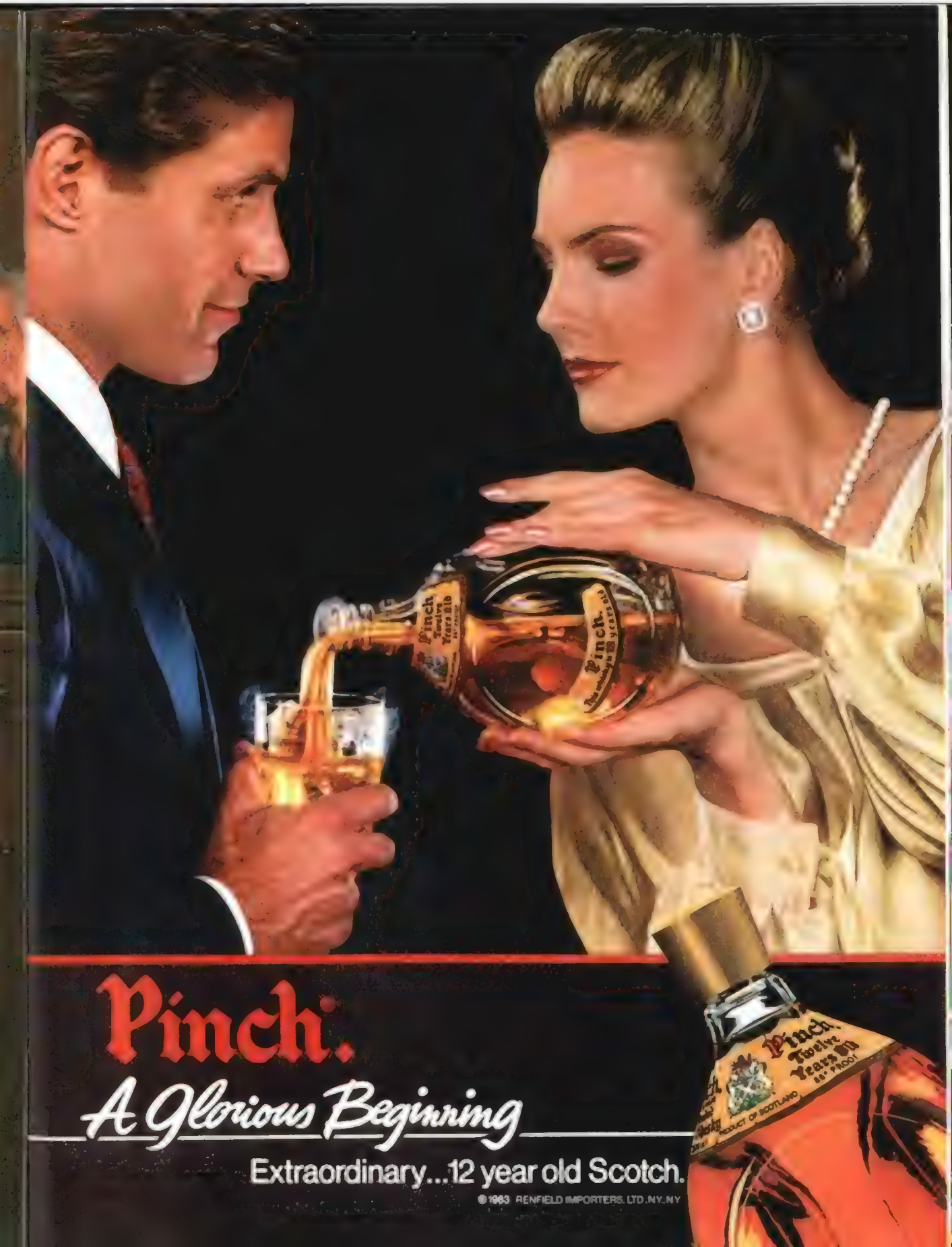

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Reagan and Cardinal Casaroli last month: from a tangled history to a new beginning

Recognition for the Holy See

Washington agrees to diplomatic ties with the Vatican

Harry S Truman liked a good scrap, but in 1951 he quickly backed down when American Protestants erupted in fury against his plan to extend diplomatic recognition to the Vatican. Even the President's own Baptist pastor in Washington denounced the idea from the pulpit. So abashed was Truman that he eliminated the post of the President's "personal representative" to the Holy See.

Now the once impossible step is about to be taken. Last week a highly placed source told TIME Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn that the U.S. and the Vatican have agreed in principle to establish full diplomatic relations and that the official announcement will occur any day. The Holy See has 102 accredited ambassadors, but it has long been concerned that three major powers, the U.S., the Soviet Union and China, are not formally represented. The Vatican has been particulary eager to win U.S. recognition.

The change is coming about partly because the Reagan Administration no longer worries about the negative political effects of Vatican ties. In fact Republican strategists are far more interested in the number of Roman Catholic votes they might gain in 1984. It is known that the White House has sounded out pockets of potential Protestant opposition and found only minimal political damage. However, several organizations, including the National Council of Churches, have expressed their dismay. "I'm appalled," says President James Draper of the Southern Baptist Convention, the nation's largest Protestant group. More adverse publicity for the Administration could be generated by Senate confirmation of the first Ambassador to the Vatican. He is likely to be Reagan's current personal representative, William Wilson, 69, a Catholic convert, California businessman and Reagan intimate.

For some time Wilson has been urging the White House to extend diplomatic recognition. Reagan was receptive to the idea when John Paul II raised the possibility during the President's visit to the Vatican in 1982. Earlier this year, Indiana's Senator Richard Lugar, a Methodist, and the late Representative Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin, a Catholic, initiated legislation to remove an 1867 ban on funding a diplomatic mission to the Holy See. Vatican Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli nailed things down at the White House last month.

The history of U.S. relations with the Vatican is tangled indeed. Washington had a consul, chargé d'affaires or "minister resident" to the Papal States from 1797 to 1867, when, with the impending collapse of the Pope's regime, the U.S. legation was closed down. There matters stood until two days before Christmas, 1939, when Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed his personal representative to the Holy See. (By not sending an ambassador, F.D.R. avoided Senate confirmation and the inevitable Protestant uproar.) There was no regular diplomatic contact following President Truman's debacle of 1951 until 1970, when President Nixon restored the post of personal representative, which has no diplomatic status.

The fact that the Pope's power lies in his role as a religious leader strengthens the Protestant complaint that constitutional separation of church and state would be violated by the recognition of the Holy See. Roman Catholicism would have a special status accorded no other religion. Another concern, raised by the Jesuit magazine *America* this week, is that a Vatican pro-nuncio to Washington and a U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican both might try to influence the political activities of the U.S. church. Says *America*: "There are some reasons for thinking that the move would be far more helpful to the State Department than to the Catholic Church in the United States." ■

Hope for Unity

The Pope visits Lutherans

John Paul engaged in diplomacy of an entirely different sort last week, becoming the first Pope to preach in a Lutheran church and the first to join in any Protestant worship in Italy. The place was the severe, white stone Christuskirche (Christ Church), which mainly serves the German diplomatic and business community. A group of Lutherans had approached John Paul when he visited a nearby Catholic parish in 1982 and asked, "Won't you come and visit our church too?" The Pope later raised the subject with the local pastor, Christoph Meyer.

Arriving at the church, the Pope greeted worshipers along the aisles as TV cameras followed his every gesture. There was no applause from the congregation, rather bowing of heads and smiles, the result not of chilliness but of Lutheran formality. Instead of his magisterial miter, the Pope wore a simple white skullcap. Equality was stressed even in such details as the size and placement of each chair.

Meyer opened worship with an invocation written by Martin Luther, who nearly five centuries ago had burned Pope Leo X's excommunication bull: "We pray you, Lord, and we beg you that with the aid of your Spirit, you will return to unity what was fragmented . . ." In his homily, spoken in German, the Pope declared, "This meeting moves me to the bottom of my heart." He added, "We ardently desire unity and we make every effort to achieve it without being discouraged by the difficulties we may meet on our road." The words echoed a papal letter honoring the 500th anniversary of Luther's birth, which spoke of a man of "profound religiousness."

Yet neither letter nor homily gave any indication that John Paul is about to foster closer Catholic-Lutheran relations. Explains a Vatican prelate who is very close to John Paul: "This Pope understands there can be no merger of Catholic and Protestant churches for many, many years, and probably many generations." But combined with John Paul's visit to the mother church of Anglicanism at Canterbury in 1982, the Lutheran service was one more step in the long process of reunification. ■

Pastor and Pope at Christuskirche

A merger that could take generations.

Reagan's Running Recovery

TIME's *Board of Economists expects more growth but worries about deficits*

'Tis the season to be jolly. There is little doubt about it. This year has been one of unexpectedly vigorous growth, declining unemployment and low inflation. And TIME's Board of Economists, which met last week in Manhattan, sees business remaining strong next year, while the jobless rate continues to fall and prices inch up only slightly. With an eye toward next year's presidential campaign, Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources, a Lexington, Mass., economic consulting firm, concluded: "The 1984 outlook is very nice, at least for a Republican."

Nonetheless, the TIME board tempered its optimism. Board members are fearful that huge federal budget deficits may drive interest rates up and slow the economy in 1985. Last week Rudolph Penner, director of the Congressional Budget Office, predicted in testimony to the Senate Finance Committee that the deficit would rise to about $250 billion in fiscal 1988 and $280 billion in 1989. Board Member Alan Greenspan, chairman of Townsend-Greenspan, a New York economic consulting firm, and an unofficial adviser to President Reagan, argued that such deficits could do serious damage to the economy. Said he: "I don't think there is any question about the corrosive effect of the deficits."

Statistics released by the Government last week confirmed the vigor of the recovery and the moderate pace of price increases. Industrial production in November jumped ahead .8%, the twelfth monthly increase in a row.

Meanwhile, producer prices actually fell in November by .2%. For the past year, inflation at the wholesale level has been less than 1%.

An upbeat mood about the economy could be seen in the results of a new public opinion poll conducted for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White. While inflation and unemployment remain the uppermost economic problems in the minds of voters, Americans now give President Reagan credit for making progress on both issues. A strong 69% of those polled approved Reagan's handling of inflation, while 50% credited him with doing a good job dealing with unemployment. Those are large increases from just three months ago, when only 58% of those questioned thought Reagan was fighting inflation effectively, and a mere 35% endorsed his handling of unemployment.

Coming out of the worst recession since the Great Depression, the economy spurted briefly and then grew strongly. Inflation was moderate, and unemployment fell by more than 1 million.

The TIME board's outlook for 1984:

Growth. TIME's economists expect that expansion next year will be less rapid than this year, when the economy grew at an annual rate of about 6.5%, but they say growth will still be brisk. The board forecasts that the gross national product will increase by 4.5% in 1984. The driving force behind the recovery is likely to be the consumer, who has rediscovered old spending habits (*see following story*). One area of strength could be new-car sales. Several board members expect an increase next year from the current annual rate of more than 9 million vehicles to about 10.4 million. That compares favorably with pre-recession levels. In 1978, for example, 11.3 million new cars were sold in the U.S.

Some economic soft spots, though, still exist. High interest rates seem to be stalling housing starts at an annual rate of 1.7 million units. That is much better than the 800,000 pace recorded at the depth of the recession, but far below the 2 million level of the last recovery. Another sign of weakness is that much of the business spending is for computers and other labor-saving equipment that have a relatively short life span. Investments in plant construction and heavy equipment remain comparatively slow. Industrial construction is at an eleven-year low.

Unemployment. The level of unemployment has fallen rapidly this year, and TIME's economists expect it to continue dropping next year, although not as fast. The rate has declined 2.4 percentage points from its peak of 10.8% last December and now stands at 8.4%. The board sees the unemployment level slipping to 8% by June and to 7.7% by the end of next year. The continued drop in unemployment could mean that Ronald Reagan will be running for re-election next year with the jobless rate only slightly higher than it was when he took office. Then, unemployment stood at 7.5%.

Inflation. The 1984 inflation outlook is equally encouraging. Only a few years ago, the U.S. seemed permanently afflicted by built-in, double-digit price increases. Inflation hit 13.3% in 1979. This year the consumer price index is expected to rise about 3.8%, and next

year it is forecasted to move upward at only a slightly faster clip of 4.9%.

A series of factors is coming together to keep price hikes low. Wage increases are likely to continue at less than 5% annually, since management is getting tougher on salary raises for white-collar workers and has been demanding pay cuts from unionized employees. Eckstein also said he does not foresee any inflation caused by lack of products or materials. The only potential shortages in the economy are in the defense industries. And despite last summer's drought in the Corn Belt, agricultural supplies are plentiful, and food prices are expected to increase by only 4% to 6% in 1984.

Oil prices, which have stayed stable this year at about $29 per bbl., remain a giant question mark. Some energy experts argue that continued falling demand could send OPEC prices into a sharp decline some time next spring. But the danger of political disruption in the Middle East always remains. Said James McKie, a professor of economics at the University of Texas: "If Iran made some aggressive move in the Persian Gulf, such as closing off the Strait of Hormuz, the speculators could begin to take hold of the market and the price could jump up past $40. The situation is so volatile that oil prices in the next 18 months can be anywhere from well under the current price to well past the old bench-mark record of $34."

Interest Rates. Perhaps the biggest imponderable for the economy in 1984 is Federal Reserve policy. This year the U.S. central bank has kept a firm hand on the availability of credit, clamping down on the money supply in May when it thought the economy was growing too rapidly. As a result, interest rates have remained high all through the year. The prime rate, the key interest charge that banks use for commercial loans, now stands at 11%, in contrast with 11.5% a year ago.

Charles Schultze, chief economic adviser in the Carter Administration and now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, believes that the Fed's top priority is to prevent a combination of large federal budget deficits and strong business spending from generating an excessively rapid recovery. Should inflation begin to heat up again, Schultze thinks the Federal Reserve will squeeze the money supply, even at the risk of stalling the economy. Said he: "I see no reason why interest rates should fall below current levels next year. Indeed if the economy continues to surprise us with its strength, then you could get higher interest rates." Other board members agree. The group predicts that the prime rate will remain stable through the first half of the year and then go up a little to end the year at 11.5%.

Budget Deficits. The main reason interest rates will remain high is the huge federal budget deficit. For more than a year, members of the TIME board have warned that deficits pose a real danger. Eckstein calculates that the expected $200 billion deficits are causing interest rates to be about two percentage points higher than they would be otherwise. The higher rates, in turn, mean 300,000 fewer housing starts annually, 500,000 fewer new-car sales and 4% less business capital spending. Moreover, in the long run, the deficits could damage the structure of the U.S. economy. Investment-starved industries would wither and become easy prey for foreign competition. Said Eckstein: "The future that lies in store for us is a future in which we simply let American manufacturing decline. We'll still have food production, printing and publishing. We will still have local industries. But everywhere else, in fields like chemicals, machine tools and farm equipment, we will steadily lose ground."

Several sources of new revenues are being considered in Congress to reduce the budget gap. And while not denying the need for some tax increases, Greenspan argued that the real problem was Congress's habit of spending money faster than it was willing to increase taxes. Said he: "The key question is whether we are in a situation in which our democratic institutions have been basically distorted." Greenspan maintained that the deficit problem can be solved only by combining large spending cuts with some tax increases. He added that the Reagan Administration will remain reluctant to accept any policy whose major thrust is tax increases.

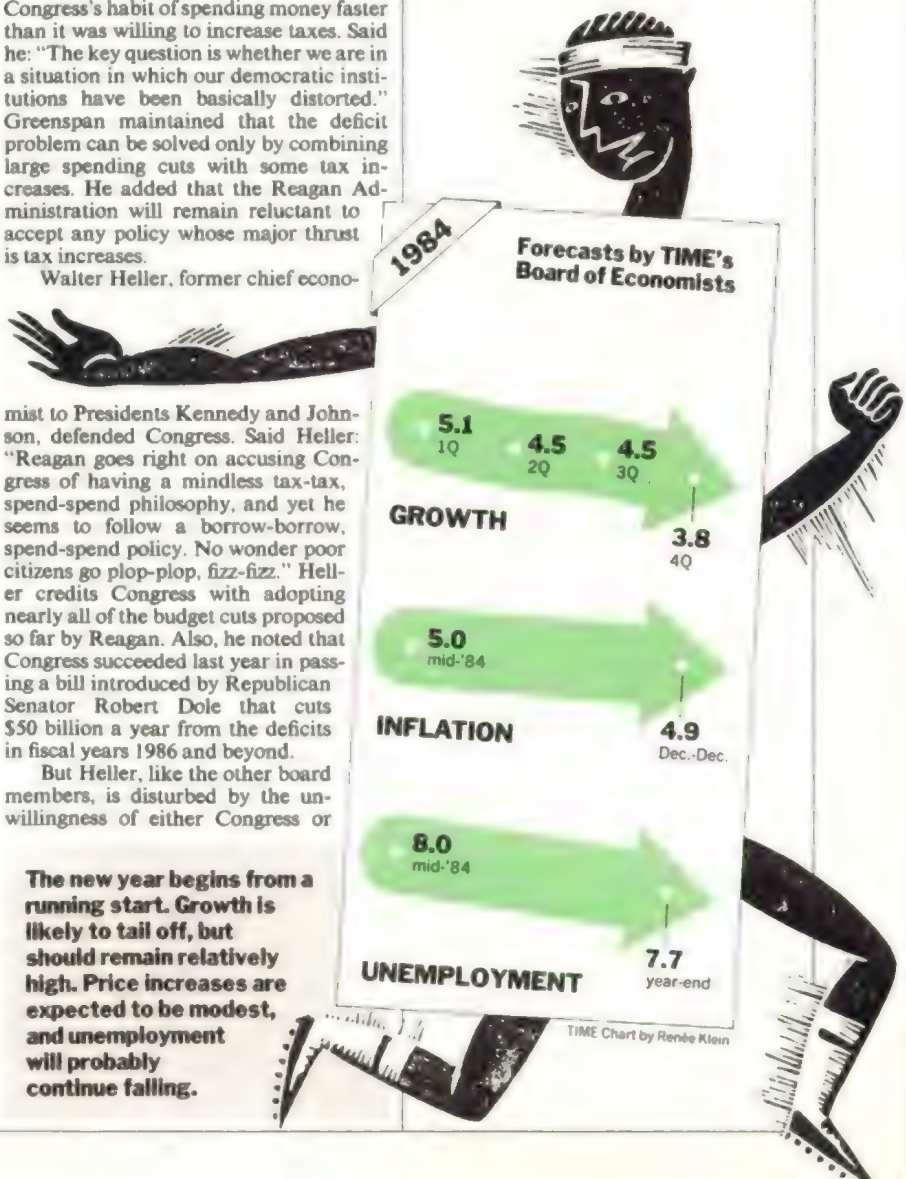
Walter Heller, former chief economist to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, defended Congress. Said Heller: "Reagan goes right on accusing Congress of having a mindless tax-tax, spend-spend philosophy, and yet he seems to follow a borrow-borrow, spend-spend policy. No wonder poor citizens go plop-plop, fizz-fizz." Heller credits Congress with adopting nearly all of the budget cuts proposed so far by Reagan. Also, he noted that Congress succeeded last year in passing a bill introduced by Republican Senator Robert Dole that cuts $50 billion a year from the deficits in fiscal years 1986 and beyond.

But Heller, like the other board members, is disturbed by the unwillingness of either Congress or the White House to take any initiative on deficit cutting in an election year. Said he: "The spectacle of a spineless, do-nothing Government fiscally paralyzed for twelve or 18 months before every presidential election certainly can't help but erode confidence in the Government."

What seems likely to most board members is that the deficit problem will defy solution until a crisis atmosphere is reached. Heller said that only when the White House and leaders of Congress are confronted by "trouble they can touch" will budget deficits be reduced.

But there is the danger that the economy will be weakening in 1985, when political leaders get around to cutting the deficit. This would then give politicians a new excuse to do nothing, and the deficits would simply continue growing.

While the U.S. economy looks healthy for at least the next year, the foreign economic scene is less clear cut. Western



The new year begins from a running start. Growth is likely to tail off, but should remain relatively high. Price increases are expected to be modest, and unemployment will probably continue falling.

Feeling upbeat about the coming year: Rimmer de Vries, James McKie, Alan Greenspan, Otto Eckstein, Charles Schultze and Walter Heller

Europe has been recovering much more slowly from the 1981-82 recession than the U.S., and its prospects next year are not as good. Said Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist for Morgan Guaranty Trust: "The rates of growth that we have been accustomed to in Europe are over." He expects growth there of only about 1.5% in 1984.

The short-term outlook for the less developed nations, on the other hand, is brighter than last year. Foreign loans have been rescheduled, and several countries have begun austerity plans to reduce expenditures and cut imports. The burden of their debt load has been further eased by falling oil prices and slightly lower interest rates. Countries such as Mexico, Argentina and Chile see economic growth of between 2% and 5% in 1984. Looking further ahead, though, most of these countries need additional foreign investment in order to generate the exports needed to make interest payments

The members of TIME's board believe the value of the dollar, which last week reached record highs against the British pound, the French franc and the Italian lira, will begin to slip next year. Said De Vries: "I think eventually the dollar must come down. We will see a 5% trade-weighted average decline in the value of the dollar in 1984."

A cheaper dollar will help reduce the U.S. trade deficit by making American-made goods less expensive abroad. This year the value of foreign goods imported into the U.S. exceeds the value of exports by $60 billion, and a bigger gap is expected next year. But exports will remain low as long as foreign economies, especially those in Europe, are weak.

It will take political leaders of great character to look beyond the present good economic times to the longer-term problems being created by the large budget deficits. While everything seems in place for an economically happy new year for the U.S., 1985 and beyond will be more difficult unless Congress and the Reagan Administration do something about those $200 billion deficits. It may be bad politics to cut spending and raise taxes in an election year, but it would be very good economics. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III*

Debating Industrial Policy

The proposal for some sort of national industrial policy to increase U.S. competitiveness in world markets has become a rallying cry for Democratic presidential candidates, organized labor and some business groups. Robert Reich, 37, a professor of business and public policy at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, is one of the leading advocates of such a program, and his book *The Next American Frontier* has become a baedeker for industrial policy since its publication in May. Last week Reich was a guest at the meeting of the TIME Board of Economists.

Reich began by conceding that the whole concept of industrial policy is being lost in a cloud of confusion. Said he: "Industrial policy is one of those issues that have gone from relative obscurity to near meaninglessness without any intervening period of coherence."

Nonetheless, he maintained, the U.S. already has something like industrial policy in place. Federal, state and local authorities are giving large grants to prop up aging industries and encourage new ones. The Administration has proposed merging trade officials now spread around several federal agencies into a single department that would be modeled after Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry. In addition, the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency is expected to spend nearly $1 billion by the end of the decade to help firms look into supercomputers and other high-technology areas. "We have all kinds of decisions being made all over Washington that affect particular industries," Reich said, "but there is absolutely no understanding, no coordination, no overall strategy."

PAUL SOLOMON—WHEELER PICTURES

Harvard's Robert Reich

Reich advocates bringing these activities out "from under the table." He argues that both declining industries like steel and emerging ones like robotics should be given Government assistance only in exchange for accepting industrial-policy coordination. Fading industries like steel, which are demanding protection from foreign competitors, might be given temporary relief from imports if managers and workers accepted pay cuts and more flexible work rules. Whenever high-tech firms receive Government help, Reich would like to see them match public funds for research ventures with their own spending and make commitments to keep R. and D. operations in the U.S. instead of locating them abroad.

Differing sharply with Reich was the Brookings Institution's Charles L. Schultze, President Carter's chief economist. Any attempt at industrial policy, said Schultze, is more likely to do harm than good. While he approved Government support of research and development and Government-financed job-retraining programs, Schultze warned that a "coordination" program would almost surely increase protectionism and unwarranted subsidies. Said he: "A Government agency that explicitly tries to sit there and say, 'The cotton industry can live but the wool-textile industry will die' or 'The Youngstown steel plant can be rehabilitated but the Weirton plant must close' will be a terrible mistake." The invisible hand of the free market, Schultze said, should make the decisions about industrial structure, even though the "choices will be imperfect."

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A Sugarplum Shopping Spree

From cashmere to computers, Christmas sales soar

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Ebenezer Scrooge to his clerk Bob Cratchit after waking from his nightmare in Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year!" America's merchants this year can feel as happy as Bob Cratchit, for consumers are giving them their merriest Christmas for many a year.

The economy's boisterous recovery has put shoppers in the mood to buy the best and the brightest, from $600 home computers to $300 cashmere bathrobes. At Manhattan's Bonwit Teller, customers have already taken home 2,300 pairs of mink earmuffs at $85 each. According to Lien Dang, a Neiman-Marcus sales clerk in Houston, consumers want "something wild, something different, something out of this world."

By the time cash registers fall quiet on Saturday night, retailers expect to see a holiday season sales gain of up to 15% over last year. This would make 1983 the strongest Yule since 1977, and even that could turn out to be a conservative prediction. Says Esther Brunswig, manager of the Emporium-Capwell department store in Palo Alto, Calif.: "We're going to have the biggest Christmas ever. Everything is selling." Merchants ranging from Gucci in Beverly Hills to the McRae's department store chain in Jackson, Miss., are ringing up their highest daily revenues on record. Last week the Commerce Department announced that retail sales jumped 1.9% in November from the previous month, which was about twice the rate expected by many economists.

Consumer confidence is in full bloom. The University of Michigan's autumn survey of public attitudes measured the highest level of optimism about the economy since 1972. A prime reason is the fall in unemployment. Some 3.5 million more Americans have jobs this Christmas than last, and people are less concerned about losing employment. Last week the Federal Reserve reported that consumer installment debt rose a record $4.9 billion in October, a sure sign that consumers expect the business recovery to continue. Observes Beverly Garner, owner of Gilt Edge Gifts in Cincinnati: "Shoppers don't have the down-in-the-mouth look they had last year. I can't overemphasize the change in attitude." Chicago Advertising Executive Maribeth Auer had cut back on store-bought gifts during the recession, baking cookies for friends instead. This year she is back in the shops. On one trip last week she spent more than $100 on such presents as jewelry and scarves. Dairy Store Manager William Bales and his wife, who live in the Cincinnati suburb of Norwood, are enlarging their gift-giving circle this year. Said he: "The economy has been a little better to us this year. We have caught up on our bills, so we can spend more."

Throngs of jolly shoppers are jamming streets from San Francisco's Union Square to Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. An estimated 30% increase in store traffic as compared with last year has created three-deep layers of customers around display cases and has made parking spaces as scarce as Cabbage Patch dolls. Said Edward Brennan, chairman of the Sears merchandise group, after touring a company store in Oak Brook, Ill.: "It was wall-to-wall people. It made me feel great."

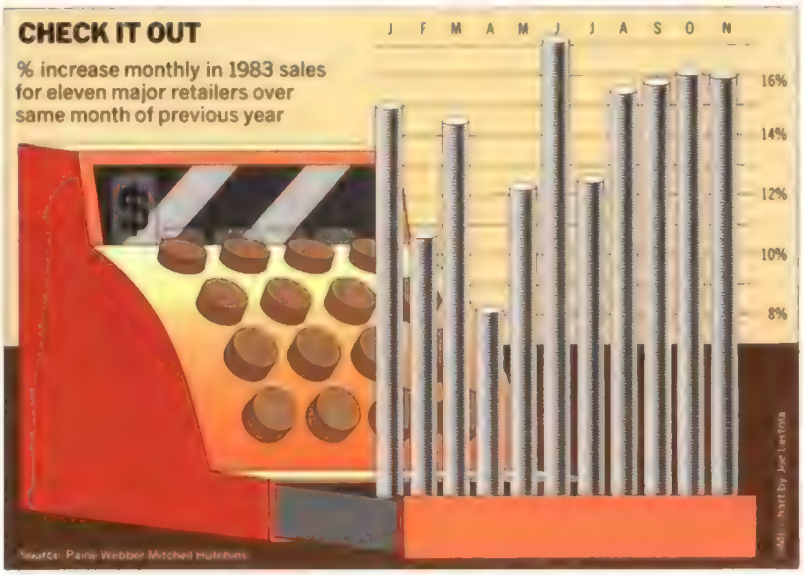
Many shopkeepers feel exhausted from trying to keep up with their ravenous clientele. "It has been so fast we've had to bring people in as early as 5 a.m. to restock the shelves," groans E. Erick Gaither, manager of a Sears store in Tucker, Ga. At Palo Alto's Emporium-Capwell, employees are often so harried they forget to take their breaks. Said Heidi Thomas, a clerk in petite women's wear: "Last Saturday we were swamped. A lot of shoppers had clothes draped over their arms. I was so busy I couldn't handle it all."

Shoppers seem to feel a sense of urgency this year, inspired partly by spot shortages of such popular gifts as exercise wear and stuffed toys. Said Michael Brownlow, a railroad conductor from Doraville, Ga., who took a day off last week to shop in a suburban Atlanta mall: "If you wait until the last minute, things will be gone. I had to get up Sunday morning and stand in line for half an hour just to get one of the toys my son wanted." Parents often have to act like detectives to find such other scarce playthings as *Return of the Jedi* characters and *Masters of the Universe* figures. Many merchants, having grown accustomed to lackluster sales, ordered relatively small amounts of stock and now they are regretting it. Says Analyst Stuart Robbins of Wall Street's Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins: "Last year retailers were worried about paying their mortgages. This year they're worried about having enough merchandise."

One of the biggest shortages is in home computers. An estimated 2.5 million will be sold this Christmas, nearly twice as many as last year. But such manufacturers as Commodore and Atari have been able to fill only about two-thirds of their orders. The home-computer price war that followed last summer's glut of the devices has helped stimulate demand to a record level. When Computer Programmer Lawrence Hoyle bought a Commodore 64 as a present for his nieces and nephews last week at a K mart in Lawrence, Kans., he paid about $500 for the computer, software and a disc drive. Said he: "A year ago I would have spent three times as much."

Computers will be joined under the tree by many beeping and buzzing friends. The electronics industry expects sales to increase by almost 25% this year over 1982. Sales of video cassette recorders will grow by more than 100% this year, and microwave ovens by nearly 50%. The high-tech clinkers this year are video games. About $1 billion worth of cartridges and consoles are expected to be bought, a 50% drop from 1982.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the technology scale, such old-fashioned toys as board games and Teddy bears are also doing well. Among the most wished-for



ursines are American Greetings' Care Bears (about $20), which the company produces in a range of models from sleepy to grumpy. Macy's stores in Northern California expect to sell out their entire population of 50,000 stuffed bears, including mink ones priced at $200. The trendy board game Trivial Pursuit (price: $25) is hard to find in stores, and even sales of Monopoly are up about 10% from last year. Thanks in part to booming sales of G.I. Joe dolls, stodgy Hasbro Industries, which stayed out of the video-game wars, expects to increase its profits by about 60% this year.

Among grownups, kerosene heaters are out, sweaters are in. Heater sales have slowed with the abating of the energy crisis, but sweaters are showing that there are other ways to stay warm. Says Bonwit Teller Fashion Director Missy LoMonaco: "Sweaters are the runaway hit of the season." Among the most popular styles are those with delicate weaves that are adorned with beads and sequins. Price: $80 and up. In Manhattan's Saks Fifth Avenue, cashmere sweaters with rhinestones are selling briskly at $525.

An undercover fashion hit is Calvin Klein's briefs ($7.50) and tank tops ($8.50) for women, which are available in 25 colors. Says one New York City merchant: "People are going crazy fighting over the underwear."

Wealthy shoppers who held back a bit during the recession now seem to have lost their inhibitions. Last week a businessman walked into Bijan, an exclusive shop on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive, and purchased four chinchilla bedspreads priced at $98,000 each. One well-to-do woman said the nuclear horror film *The Day After* had convinced her that she should spend as much as she can before the Bomb goes off. Less cataclysmic was the explanation given by Melinda Graves, a shopper in Rodeo Drive's Giorgio boutique: "My husband made a lot of money in the stock market recently, and now it's time to spend it."

High-quality, relatively expensive goods have even attracted middle-class consumers, who see such purchases as an investment. Said Larry Coffey, manager of the Brooks Brothers store in Atlanta: "Price doesn't seem to be any object whatever." Adds Jerry Detloff, manager of the B. Siegel women's wear store in Birmingham, Mich.: "A $500 coat is as easy to sell as a $25 sweater."

Gourmet food may be a less prudent purchase, but is no less popular. At the Neiman-Marcus store in Chicago, the fast-moving delicacies include Beluga caviar at $345 a pound, a tin of jumbo twisted pretzels for $24 and salmon filled with a mousseline of sole for $18 a pound. One day last week, Neiman-Marcus Shopper Katy Sutter was deliberating the purchase of a $26 tin of *pâté de foie gras* as a stocking stuffer for her husband. Said she: "It's his very favorite thing."

The merry multitude outside Manhattan's Saks Fifth Avenue

Loading purchases from Gump's in Dallas

An Asian Santa Claus visits Los Angeles

Being able to indulge themselves appears to make consumers happy. Shopkeepers across the U.S. tell of an unusual degree of friendliness and courtesy this year. "They come and they go in swarms," observes Atlanta FAO Schwarz Manager Stewart Brown, "but everyone is very polite." Said Betty Casem, who was buying a fur cap and a robe as gifts last week in the Maison Weiss boutique in Jackson, Miss.: "I just feel in a more generous mood this year. I'm more cheerful and not as uptight."

Of course, islands of hardship remain. In northern Minnesota's iron range, joblessness stands at about 21% as a result of the battered steel industry. Jerry Erickson, owner of a Hibbing, Minn., music store, foresees no pickup in business this year. Said he: "People who are unemployed have been out of work a long time. They've used up all their benefits." In Duluth, the Salvation Army expects to provide about 700 families with such small presents as gloves and socks. Unemployment is still 13.3% in Peoria, Ill., where the Caterpillar Tractor firm is struggling to return to health. Said Clinton Jostad, the manager of the local Northwoods mall: "There is at least a feeling that we have seen the worst."

The welcome end of the recession and strong sales mean fewer bargains this year. Some consumers have been disappointed that they are not seeing deep discounts like last year, when overstocked retailers began desperately chopping prices as early as October. Said Cindy Rose, manager of a Swiss Colony gourmet food shop in Atlanta: "Everybody wants deals. They all want discounts." Nonetheless, she added, people's resistance appears to fade away quickly. "They are dropping money a lot quicker. There are bigger dollars."

Most pre-Christmas sales this year are aimed at drawing shoppers into the stores rather than liquidating surplus stock. Says Gordon Cooke, senior vice president at Bloomingdale's Manhattan store: "We have not had to discount excess merchandise this year." One of Bloomingdale's biggest promotions was a campaign to sell cashmere and pearls as a chic duo. Adds Cooke: "Most of the traffic we're seeing is around the cash registers, and that's a welcome sight."

Perhaps the biggest present of all this holiday season will be the stimulus that Christmas sales will give to the economy. Says Economist Irwin Kellner of Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "The recovery is going to get a nice forward push from the Christmas season." When factories increase production so that stores can restock their shelves, business will be off to a good start in 1984. *—By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Cristina Garcia/New York and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago, with other bureaus*

Of Pigeons and Concubines

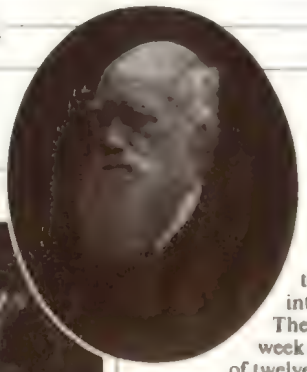
THE DISCOVERERS *by Daniel J. Boorstin; Random House; $25*

Did you know that the hour was actually invented around A.D. 1330?

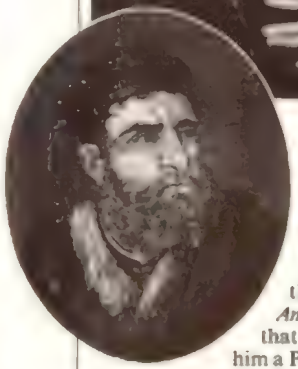
Or that Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* was rejected by an editor who urged him instead to write a book about pigeons? ("Everyone is interested in pigeons," said this expert. "The book would be reviewed by every journal in the kingdom.")

Or that the Chou Emperor who ruled China in 1090 had one empress, three consorts, nine spouses, 27 concubines and 81 assistant concubines, whose rotation of duty was exactly scheduled over the course of each fortnight so that the women of highest rank occupied the imperial bed on the nights closest to the full moon?

Historian Daniel Boorstin, a Rhodes scholar with degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge as well as both Harvard and Yale, and the Librarian of Congress since 1975, knows all those recondite facts and more. Many more. He also knows



A pride of explorers, clockwise from above: Johann Gutenberg at his press, Charles Darwin, Nicolaus Copernicus, Galileo, Columbus and, in oval, Marco Polo



how to put them to good use. Having gambled in the 1950s that he could retell the whole American experience in his three-volume *The Americans*, a wager that eventually won him a Pulitzer Prize, Boorstin is now attempting an even riskier gamble: that he can find a new way to retell the whole history of the world in 745 pages.

Boorstin boldly announces, at the launching of *The Discoverers*, that he plans to ignore all the obvious territory: politics, finance, culture, "the waging of wars, the rise and fall of empires." That leaves him free to concentrate on one thematic concept: "mankind's need to *know*—to know what is out there." The exploration starts with a basic aspect of history, time itself. Who first thought of measuring the year, or dividing it into months and weeks? The Romans decreed a week of eight days and a day of twelve hours, but the day itself was measured solely by the length of sunlight, so the units of time varied in different places and seasons. Not until medieval monks conceived an obligation to pray at fixed hours of the night did their need spur the invention of a mechanical clock that worked in the dark.

Only when time could be precisely measured could space be systematically explored. From the 14th century clock came the 15th century navigational instruments that could guide mariners across an uncharted ocean. Yet history is only occasionally that logical, as Boorstin delights in pointing out, for much of it derives from blunders and accidents. Bartholomeu Dias' maps all showed that there was no ocean route around Africa. It was only after he had been driven off course by a storm in February of 1488 that he found he had somehow rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and that there was a cape to be rounded.

Boorstin clearly relishes such tales, not only about notable discoverers like Columbus and Magellan but also about the half-forgotten Chêng Ho, a Chinese eunuch who set forth in the 15th century with a gigantic fleet of more than 300 vessels and nearly 40,000 men. Exploring as far as Zanzibar, Chêng Ho brought back to the imperial zoo its first giraffe, which the Chinese were convinced was a unicorn, whose horn was said to provide the most powerful of aphrodisiacs.

The great navigators sail through only

Excerpt

"The lion, king of the beasts, comes first, and with three salient facts: he uses his tail to rub out his footprints so hunters cannot follow him; he sleeps with his eyes open; and the newborn cub remains dead for three days until the father lion breathes life into it. So, too, Christ remained awake and ready for Resurrection. The remaining animals carry a heavy baggage of morals. None is more vivid than the 'ant-lion,' offspring of the unnatural union of a lion and an ant, who is doomed to starve because the nature of the ant will not permit it to eat meat, and the nature of the lion keeps it from eating plants. So, too, none can survive who serve both God and the Devil."

Fox Hunter

SIEGFRIED SASSOON'S
LONG JOURNEY
Edited by Paul Fussell
Oxford; 180 pages; $19.95

The Britons who came of age in the early part of this century had no doubt as to when the world ended: the date of Armageddon was July 1, 1916. A generation suffocated in the poisoned air of France and drowned in the mud of the Somme. On that first day of battle, said a German eyewitness, "the English came walking, as though they were going to the theater or as though they were on a parade ground. We felt they were mad." And so they were, driven by generals who nourished a vision of the Great War as glorious venture. By nightfall, almost 20,000 guileless volunteer patriots lay dead between the lines. The survivors kept their lives at the price of their illusions. The ages of blind obedience to institution, tradition and dogma were over. The modern epoch of distrust and terror had begun. T.S. Eliot spoke for all the sad young men: "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

In the literary renaissance that followed the Armistice, few spoke of the conflict firsthand. Its clearest witness was also its most reticent; the quiet testimony of Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967), soldier, poet and novelist, was outshone by the doomsday verse of Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen and the grieving recollections of Ernest Hemingway and Robert Graves. In *Siegfried Sassoon's Long Journey* Critic Paul Fussell, whose *The Great War and Modern Memory* is a classic feat of scholarship, has annotated the author's long-neglected work with authority and grace. Sassoon's three autobiographical novels collectively titled *The Memoirs of George Sherston* have been pruned of extraneous material and augmented by almost 200 photographs. In this remarkable collaboration, both author and editor appear as masters of the ironic detail. Sassoon: " 'And now God go with you,' [the clergyman] would conclude, adding, 'I will go with you as far as the station.' " Fussell: The book's photographs "are very often posed, and it's clear that the subjects have been adjured not to look downhearted. Still, if we darken the implicit misery by about 30%, we'll get an idea of what things looked like to Sassoon and his fellow soldiers."

What things looked like is conveyed not merely by snapshots of English troops and German casualties, but by the hero's mounting distrust of anthems and imperial rhetoric. Yet the *Long Journey* is no mere triptych of war stories. George Sherston, Sassoon's alter ego, is a privileged countryman for whom hunting, cricket and golf represent the highest cultural achievements. Sherston's diffidence continues on the way to the front, until he spies "an English soldier lying by the road with a horribly smashed head." Slowly he comes to perceive that "life, for the majority of the population, is an unlovely struggle against unfair odds, culminating in a cheap funeral." Yet he never becomes much of an agitator or even a pacifist. In fact his performance in combat remains worthy of the Distinguished Service Cross.

Much of this coincides with the author's own early life: Sassoon, who regarded himself merely as an uncomplicated "fox-hunting man," once captured single-handed an enemy battalion frontage that the Royal Irish Regiment had failed to take the day before. Then he turned around and wrote:

"You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go."

This interplay of opposites, this urge for combat coupled with a sense of war's futility, seems especially contemporary, a striking instance of the modern temper born in trenches several wars ago. In his unobtrusive manner, Sassoon was one of the makers of that temper. Thanks to Fussell's adroit editing, readers can once again accompany him on the author's *Long Journey* and, in the process, discover much about that worthy hunter of foxes and truth, and far more about their own time. —**By Stefan Kanfer**

Silhouette of British soldiers near the front line in World War I; inset, Siegfried Sassoon

T.S. Eliot spoke for all the sad young men: "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

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a few chapters of Boorstin's saga. More adventurers simply look out into the night skies. A canon named Copernicus offers what he calls a "strange" hypothesis of a solar system to "dispel the mists of paradox." Galileo builds a telescope and sees for the first time the moons of Jupiter. Still other Renaissance explorers look inward to study the human body, using as their atlas the newly rediscovered anatomical studies of Galen (circa 130-200). The only trouble is that human dissections were forbidden in ancient Rome, so Galen based his work on the anatomy of the pig. The mists of paradox continue to swirl.

Just as *The Discoverers* seems in danger of turning into another popular history of science, Boorstin uses the invention of the printing press as a device to introduce a completely different array of heroes, the explorers of social relations. King Eumenes II of Pergamum, deprived of Egyptian papyrus, invents parchment in the 2nd century B.C.; nearly three centuries later Ts'ai Lun presents the Emperor of China with the first known sheet of paper, made of mulberry and waste fishnets; Marco Polo is amazed to find Kublai Khan using paper as money; Gutenberg labors over a Bible, which is finally published not by Gutenberg but by the creditors who have seized his new press. We are entering modern times.

But history still must discover itself, which partly means defining itself. In 1815, when the conventional wisdom still asserts that the story of mankind began with the creation of Adam in about 4000 B.C., a young Danish numismatist named Christian Thomsen gets a job sorting out bundles of junk that his public-spirited countrymen have sent to the newly created Royal Commission for the Preservation of Danish Antiquities. Partly as a housekeeping device, he begins separating stone objects from those of iron and those of bronze; thus are invented the three ages of prehistory, and the idea of prehistory itself. This continuing process of redefinition keeps changing reality. The Renaissance is not the Renaissance until Jules Michelet names it that in 1855.

Boorstin is an expert storyteller, but where do his splendid stories finally lead? At many points in his long chronicle, certain perceptions glow like fireflies—for example, that the invention of printing not only diffused ideas but perpetuated error. But although his book appears at the beginning to have the structure of a cathedral, history refuses to conform to his designs. The demands of onrushing chronology continually conflict with every attempt to impose a conceptual order. The section on medicine, for example, simply breaks off at the 18th century, as though Pasteur or Semmelweis were of only passing interest. In attempting to cram in everything from ethnography to atomic particles, Boorstin ends by giving the impression of a man trying to repack a suitcase that inexplicably burst open while he was running after a departing bus in the rain.

—*By Otto Friedrich*

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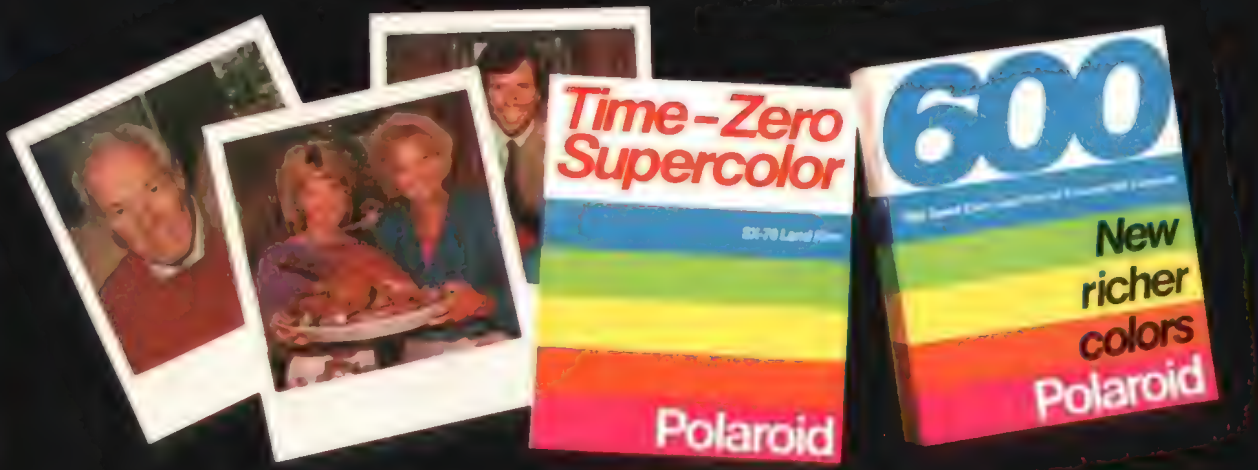

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No More Dragging Up the Rear

Arkansas bows to pressures to put schools to the test

Public education in Arkansas has long been the Dogpatch of the nation's school systems. Many poorly financed districts in the state have tiny, rundown schoolhouses staffed by some of the lowest-paid teachers in the country. Consider, for example, the Thornton school district (total enrollment: 300), located in the timber country of southern Arkansas. The last time its tenth-graders took the basic skills test they placed in the bottom 12% of national scores. The average teacher's salary is only $11,663, and not one teacher is certified to teach physics, foreign languages or art. Says Kai Erickson, executive secretary of the Arkansas Education Association (A.E.A.): "Education has never been a high priority in Arkansas."

Until now, that is. Last month Democratic Governor Bill Clinton, 37, pushed through legislative reforms that will upgrade academic requirements, lengthen the school day and, to the consternation of some educators, force all of the state's 24,000 teachers to pass basic competency tests or lose their jobs. To pay for this, legislators raised the sales tax to 4% from 3%, the largest such increase in the state's history, providing an additional $150 million. The reforms follow the patterns set by Florida and California earlier this year. Even Mississippi, which once shared the nation's academic spending basement, passed a reform program last December to upgrade its schools. Governor Clinton told legislators that Arkansas had no choice but to follow suit.

A key motivation for trying to do something about Arkansas' schools is the hope that the state will be able to attract new industry by producing graduates with necessary skills. Declared Clinton in September: "Do you believe that God meant for us to drag up the rear of the nation's economy forever?" Although the state has some excellent schools, others fare poorly on national achievement tests. A primary reason is lack of funding: for years Arkansas has remained at or near the bottom of the 50 states on expenditures for each of its 432,000 students. Last year Arkansas spent only $2,035 for each student, compared with a national average of $2,952, placing it just above South Carolina, Utah, Mississippi and Alabama. Arkansas' teachers earn an average of only $15,029, compared with the national average of $21,671. Admits State Education Director Don Roberts: "We deserve a bad image for those two factors alone."

Only 38% of last fall's high school graduates entered college, compared with a national average of 53%. Of the state's 370 districts, 170 do not offer a foreign language, 91 have no chemistry classes, and 184 lack physics. Says Erickson: "This is one of the worst places in the U.S. for the teaching profession."

The reform program is a victory for Clinton, himself a product of Arkansas public schools. A 1968 graduate of Georgetown University, he is a Rhodes scholar, earned a law degree at Yale and became the nation's youngest Governor in 1978. The legislature appointed an education-standards committee in May, headed by the Governor's wife, Lawyer Hillary Rodham Clinton, which held public meetings across the state and published its preliminary recommendations in September. The Clintons went on the stump together to build up grass-roots support, and the state was saturated with brochures that explained the reforms and urged: "No more excuses. Let's put our kids in first place."

Clinton tells the teachers' union that competency exams are necessary

Polishing a bad image, getting rid of excuses and putting kids first.

Some of the reforms: increasing the length of the school day from five to 5½ hours, and advancing the age at which students can quit school from 15 to 16. Beginning next year, third- and sixth-graders will be required to take basic skills tests, and after 1987, eighth-graders will have to pass tests in subjects such as reading and math to enter high school. Some educators predict that the state will have to build as many as 2,500 classrooms and hire some 3,500 teachers over the next three years because of proposed changes.

Of all the reforms, the teacher-testing program has produced the most anguish. All teachers will have to pass tests in reading, writing, mathematics and in their specified subject areas. Those who fail will be required to take more training, and if they cannot pass the tests by 1987, they will lose their jobs. The A.E.A., a 17,000-member affiliate of the powerful National Education Association, has called the testing "offensive to a large majority of teachers."

Arkansas officials are considering using the National Teacher Examinations (N.T.E.) devised by the Educational Testing Service (E.T.S.) for beginning teachers. Opponents of the testing plan have found a surprising ally in E.T.S. President Gregory Anrig, who has said that he will not allow the N.T.E. to be used for testing veteran teachers. Says Anrig: "Tests should not be used for practicing teachers because better information on their performance is available, based on observing what they actually do in the classroom with students." Clinton, however, maintains that "if we are going to re-establish the teaching profession as a profession worthy of respect, there have to be some standards of individual accountability."

Many parents and educators do support the reforms. Says Elaine Dumas, a librarian at Little Rock's Central High School: "If I can't pass the test, I don't deserve to be working with young people." A poll taken by a Little Rock television station found that 65% of those questioned favored the sales-tax increase and 61% approved of teacher testing. The support has surprised even Clinton, who has a three-year-old daughter. Last month in Fort Smith he was approached by a shabbily dressed woman in her 20s who told him that she was the only one of her family who could read well enough to hold down a job. She said, the Governor recalls, "We didn't learn what we needed to learn, and we didn't know what we would need to know. It may be too late for us, but it's not too late for the people who come behind us." —*By Ellie McGrath.*

Reported by David S. Jackson/Little Rock

Full Circles and Quarterbacks

Something between Joe Theismann and Jim Plunkett

Thirteen years ago, a couple of college quarterbacks from opposite sides of the country finished one-two in the voting for the Heisman trophy, and headed out in different directions. Both took winding trails, but somehow reached the Super Bowl. Along the way they encountered enough breaks of the game so that, between them now, they represent the total experience of the position. Soon they may make it all the way back to each other.

Theismann scrambling out

Plunkett dropping back

The Heisman winner was Jim Plunkett of San Jose, Calif., and Stanford, a blind news-vendor's son, quiet-spoken but strong-armed, as husky as a linebacker. In today's terms, he was not only John Elway, the top draft choice, but also Dan Marino, the rookie of the year. The Heisman runner-up or, the way he looked at it, the "loser," was Joe Theismann of South River, N.J., and Notre Dame, a mouthy wraith. He still says, "The classic line of the No. 2 guy is that it was enough just to be considered. That is garbage. I may have said the same thing, but deep down inside, I didn't want Jim to be successful, not then, not for a long time."

Theismann's want for himself was to star, not just play, for the Philadelphia Eagles, the team he most admired as a boy. But a chance meeting with Eagles General Manager Pete Retzlaff made that seem unpromising. "How tall are you?" Retzlaff asked. "Six foot," he replied. "You look 5-10. How much do you weigh?" "One-eighty." "You look 165." Never mind; plenty of other National Football League scouts were attentive. When Theismann was not drafted until the fourth round, he was staggered. Even then, the claimant was Miami, which already employed Bob Griese. Theismann went to Canada.

Like Elway in Denver, Plunkett was thrown instantly into the fire with the New England Patriots, but it was slow burning. "I'd have gone crazy if I didn't play right off," he says, "and it went well the first year. I quarterbacked with reckless abandon, ran a lot, scrambled around, threw on the run. But we just didn't get any better as a club. The second year was miserable. I had never been on a losing team in my life, or experienced such negativism all around me." In the dreary seasons following, Plunkett suffered a stream of injuries, but the chronic one was to his confidence.

For Theismann, who recalls thinking, "I'm not here to learn; I've learned," the first year in Toronto was a celebration: the Argonauts went to the Grey Cup. But the next season Theismann broke a leg, and the year after that, salary became a bitter issue. He liked the wild Canadian game, enjoyed fielding an occasional punt and kicking it right back for a rouge (one point). But money and celebrity are attractive to him. In 1974, Theismann came home to the U.S. to fall in behind Billy Kilmer and Sonny Jurgensen with the Washington Redskins.

His timing was poor. Training camps were struck and Theismann arrived to cross the picket line of the staunchest union members in the league. On a grizzled old team that kept its own counsel, here was a brash young quarterback who courted interviewers, probably the first third-stringer ever to put his name on a restaurant. "I was 24; Billy was 34; who knows how old Sonny was? And I was ostracized." During a game against the New York Giants, Theismann impulsively replaced an injured punt returner, and that violent work became his job and his credential. The veterans had to respect him then, but it was not until 1978 that he took his permanent position at quarterback.

That year, Plunkett was released by the San Francisco 49ers, who had fetched him home to the Bay Area two seasons earlier, a reclamation project partially sentimental. Plunkett describes the sensation as "carrying the weight of the world," and says, "I thought about quitting." Rather, he moved over to Oakland, and sat around behind Ken Stabler for two full years and Dan Pastorini for part of another. He says, "I asked to be traded at the start of the 1980 season," but did not get his wish. It was the year he was the Most Valuable Player in the Super Bowl.

"When a quarterback has been around," says Plunkett, "booed, cheered and benched, he can feel good. He has lasted. Because every lasting quarterback experiences all of that in some order." Plunkett was benched for a while again this season (in favor of Marc Wilson, who promptly broke his shoulder). One criticism of Plunkett is that he finds risky passes irresistible. "A long pass is a beautiful thing to watch," he agrees.

Last season, another one with a strike, Washington won a Super Bowl that took this year to confirm. "One reason championship teams usually slip," according to Plunkett, "is that the quarterback's tendencies have all been given away. Joe has put two almost perfect years back to back, the hardest thing imaginable." Behind Theismann's 60% completion rate for more than 3,500 yards, the Redskins are having a record scoring year. Earlier this season Washington made up 15 points in the fourth quarter to beat the Raiders, but each went on to earn favorable field position for the playoffs. "It was ironic last year," Theismann observes, "that we beat Miami in the Super Bowl, the team that drafted me. I wouldn't bet against the Dolphins again, but if we got in again, the Raiders would complete it for me. There's no one else who ever kept me from anything." That sounds a bit sharp, even for him. "I have to admit," he says, "deep down, during his hard times, I came to have a great respect for Plunkett." There would be a certain symmetry at that.

—By Tom Callahan

Yer Out!

Baseball's drug suspensions

In the stiffest ruling of his 15-year watch, lame-duck Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn last week suspended four admitted drug offenders for one year: Star Outfielder Willie Wilson, First Baseman Willie Aikens and recently released Utility Man Jerry Martin, all of whom played last season for the Kansas City Royals, and Los Angeles Dodgers Relief Pitcher Steve Howe. The first three have pleaded guilty to attempting to possess cocaine (Wilson and Martin have begun serving the unsuspended three-month portion of their one-year prison terms), and Howe has been in and out of several drug-treatment programs under the aegis of the Dodgers. According to the commissioner, three tests administered to Howe last month "returned positive results for cocaine use." Kuhn says bravely, "As a sport, we have been very fortunate that the problems with illegal drugs have not been epidemic." But the impression of the sports pages is otherwise. ■

Santa's Mixed Bag of Celluloid

Cheap thrills, giddy giggles, damaged goods

Hollywood, the shotgun marriage of art and industry, is never more schizophrenic than at Christmas. With its few "serious" movies (Yentl, Silkwood, Terms of Endearment), *Tinseltown acts as pious as a tot on Santa's knee, straining to prove that it has been a model of decorum all year long, daring to ask for a big shiny Oscar. But with its "entertainment" pictures, Hollywood yearns to play Kriss Kringle, filling every Christmas stocking with a cheap thrill or a giddy giggle. So slapdash are these entertainments that the industry looks to be holding a year-end fire sale, with damaged goods peddled to the holiday crowds. Here and there one can find a pleasant or ambitious film, but none fills the Christmas stocking with delight. Moviegoers are advised to ask for a lump of coal.*

D.C. CAB

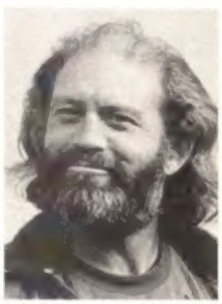
A bunch of mean muthas break down doors, dismantle fire escapes, throw people off balconies—and these are the good guys. They are the drivers for the D.C. Cab Co. One black dude (Charlie Barnett) gets scared and screams, "I'm goin' to nigger heaven!" Then there's the amazing Mr. T, who drives a cab with gold grillework and gives inspirational speeches from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. "You've got animal magnetism!" shouts the wife of the fleet's owner (Max Gail), a hippie Viet vet who enforces discipline with his old Nam flamethrower. "You attract animals!"

Writer-Director Joel Schumacher attempts to make up in bustle what his movie lacks in wit, character, coherence. He also takes an unseemly pleasure in glorifying vigilante vengeance. Even that deadly serious one-man jury, Dirty Harry, is more amusing than this ramshackle vehicle, which ends up totaling itself. ***—By Richard Corliss***

THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN

The womanizer is a great subject for farce, and a challenging one for tragedy. What he is not is a suitable subject for sympathy. This film, which turns François Truffaut's delicious 1977 Gallic soufflé into singles' restaurant quiche, suffers centrally from that miscalculation. Producer-Director Blake Edwards, normally a gifted *farceur* (*"10," S.O.B.*), turned to a psychologist for help with this screenplay, with predictably shrinking effect on the picture's sense of fun. Edwards' wife Julie Andrews is the doctor who eventually succumbs to Burt Reynolds, essaying the title role. Robbed of his truest voice, that of a self-satirizing satyr, Reynolds goes cute, little-boyish and awful. Even the photography is grungy; it looks like blown-up 16-mm. But maybe that is numerologically appropriate to a movie that is mentally arrested at a comparable age. ***—By Richard Schickel***

Glenn in *The Keep*



Gail in *D.C. Cab*

Reynolds in *The Man*

Newton-John and Travolta

Producer-Star Brooks

THE KEEP

For many of today's talented directors, moviemaking means swathing a scarecrow story line in rapturous images. Michael Mann's *The Keep* is one such Museum Movie. It boasts some pictures as pretty as any to be seen on a gallery wall, and, in narrative terms, it is a mess.

Deep in the entrails of a Rumanian castle, a malefic beast has been stirring for a millennium. Now it is 1941, and a platoon of Nazis have let the evil genie out of his battlements. On the side of Good, sort of, are a frail Jewish scholar (the great English actor Ian McKellen, sporting an accent that sounds like south central Iowa) and a preternatural Watchman (Scott Glenn), whose eyes go quilted when he gets really mad. With all these adversaries crossing swords, neither the Nazis nor the narrative stands much of a chance.

Considering that most of the movie takes place in a stygian cave, *The Keep* looks gorgeous. Slow motion and pixilation enhance the spooky mood; a telephoto lens turns the castle into a pointillist magic mountain. It is cinematic balm when a fantasy movie pays informed tribute to the decorative arts. It is also, most likely, box-office poison. ***—R.C.***

TWO OF A KIND

Did you love John Travolta in *Moment by Moment*? Did you swoon for Olivia Newton-John in *Xanadu*? Then you are a true connoisseur of incompetence, and you won't want to miss *Two of a Kind*. Five years ago, these two appealing stars teamed for the monster hit *Grease*. Now Writer-Director John Herzfeld has chosen a different 1978 hit to emulate and trash: *Heaven Can Wait*. God (the voice of Gene Hackman) sends a quartet of angels (led by Charles Durning) to earth to help a couple of mean-mouthed losers (guess who?). Nothing works: not the whimsy, not the melodrama, not even the food fight in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel. A stupefying shambles, *Two of a Kind* just noses out *Staying Alive* for Worst Picture of the Year. ***—R.C.***

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

When is a Mel Brooks film not a Mel Brooks film? When he produces but does not direct, when he stars but does not write. And perhaps when he is more interested in paying tribute than in parody. *To Be or Not to Be* is a remarkably faithful adaptation of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 comedy about a troupe of ungood actors asked to take parts in a real-life espionage plot set in Nazi-occupied Warsaw. Lubitsch was contrasting the egocentricity and generosity of show people with the boorishness of their oppressors, representatives of a politics that monstrously parodied their values in the swollen street theater that was the public face of Nazism.

The situations of the original serve Adapters Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham well, and if Director Alan Johnson is no Lubitsch, he could well reply, "Who is?" Brooks and Anne Bancroft play the old Jack Benny and Carole Lombard roles with harder edges and softer centers than their predecessors did—a criticism that could be applied to the entire enterprise. Yet the basic story remains surprisingly sturdy and entertaining in the retelling. ***—R.S.***

Theater

PETER CUNNINGHAM

Banes and Rose: funny, sentimental and inching toward wisdom

Broadway's Big Endearment

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC *by Wendy Wasserstein*

Broadway's got the blues. The current season has taken its cue from last year's box-office slump and dared to offer less of the same: revivals, British imports and a few ho-hummable musicals. The only serious new American play *(Brothers)* closed on opening night. Worse, for the main stem's economic and emotional health, there have been no successful romantic comedies in more than a year. It says something dour about Broadway, its playwrights and its audience that the last laugh-till-you-cry hit was *Torch Song Trilogy*, Harvey Fierstein's savvy sudser about a not-so-gay drag queen. You may begin to wonder if there are any heterosexuals out there who both feel deeply and write funny.

Wendy Wasserstein to the rescue. On West 42nd Street, within spitting distance of Broadway, her new comedy is showing the theatrical old guard how to be young, hip and acerbic without forfeiting involvement in affairs of the heart. *Isn't It Romantic* examines the lives of two old college chums—Janie Blumberg (Cristine Rose) and Hattie Cornwall (Lisa Banes)—as they approach their 30s and the dangerous prospect of a life without either Mamma or mate.

Hattie is tall, thin, gorgeous, Waspy, a Bloomingdale's commercial for poise. Her boyfriend is a married marketing exec who calls her "Beauty"; her mother is a trail-blazing career woman (Jo Henderson) who thinks Jean Harris got a bum rap. Janie is an underemployed writer, short, sad-eyed and Jewish, with an attitude problem ("Know what I resent? Just about everything!") and a rather complacent identity crisis ("I very badly want to be someone else without going to the trouble of changing myself"). Her boyfriend Marty (Chip Zien) is a kidney specialist who looks like a Muppet rabbi and calls Janie "Monkey." Her father (Stephen Pearlman) is a nice guy with all the charisma of Muzak in a minor key; her mother (Betty Comden) is a danceaholic who can't let go of her baby. Janie knows how to make her mother happy: by phoning to say, "I just got married, lost 20 pounds and became a lawyer"—but she doesn't know how to make herself happy.

Wendy Wasserstein, whose very name is a deadpan joke on Jewish assimilation into the cheerleader values of Middle America, writes about Jews and Wasps without a tincture of sitcom condescension, finding poignant similarities in perpendicular lives, giving just about every character equal time and a fair number of laughs. Director Gerald Gutierrez has mined the big, handsome virtues in this deceptively modest play, putting a shine on everything from the show tunes and rock standards to the voices on Janie's telephone-answering machine (including the desperate plaints of Meryl Streep, in her best and most hilarious performance of the year), to the stagehands (who wear Acme Movers coveralls, then tuxedos, then jogging suits, as the scenic occasion demands). The cast is collectively splendid, with star-making performances by the two leads. Rose hits every mood, from rue to despair, with perfect pitch, like a manic-depressive Yma Sumac; and Banes, sharp and upscale sexy, looks ready to become an off- or on-Broadway Streep.

Though the leading characters often use irony as an invisible protective shield, the play's title is no joke. *Isn't It Romantic* is romantic—also bright, funny, sentimental and, throughout, inching toward wisdom. In its breadth and depth it calls to mind no recent play but rather two good current movies, *The Big Chill* and *Terms of Endearment*, leaving the audience happy and moist-eyed at the end. If you don't sail out onto 42nd Street after *Isn't It Romantic*, your spirit just hasn't been paying attention. —***By Richard Corliss***

Distant Thunder

HEARTBREAK HOUSE
by George Bernard Shaw

"Behold my *Lear*," proclaimed Shaw, with his usual modesty, of this melancholy farce. Not for him the inevitable comparisons with Chekhov and Congreve. No, he would recast Lear as Captain Shotover, a wily old man of the sea, sensitive to every political current, each distant drumroll of thunder on the cloudless eve of the Great War. Surrounding the Captain are his two bewitching daughters, with their foolish suitors, and one young woman, Ellie Dunn, who is wise and innocent enough to read the Captain's prophetic mind. In Shaw's *Lear*, Cordelia has a divine madness too.

Last spring in London, John Dexter directed Rex Harrison and, as the sisters, Diana Rigg and Rosemary Harris in a production so dazzlingly elegant that the final, abrupt catastrophe seemed a nightmare from which the descending curtain would deliver the audience. Now Harrison, a strangely serene fatalist of a patriarch, has come to Broadway in Anthony Page's more earthbound revival. These are not Olympians playing at mortal games but overage children playing blindman's buff as the apocalypse closes in on them. Still, they are Shaw's creatures, and in this splendid, savory play they can still beguile. As the daughters, Harris (who takes Rigg's role here) has a madcap-heiress presence, charming herself no less than the others, and Dana Ivey is the daffy dowager queen—Maggie Smith on her way to becoming Katharine Hepburn.

In the pivotal role of Ellie, who must switch from virginal intensity to mandarin self-possession in the flick of an entr'acte, Amy Irving is a revelation. Best known as a movie actress *(Carrie, Yentl)*, she commands the stage with her dusky voice and searing stare. Fifty years ago, she could have been Shaw's next heroine; now she can be Broadway's. —***R.C.***

MARTHA SWOPE

Harrison as the *Heartbreak* patriarch
The fatalist captain on a roiled sea.

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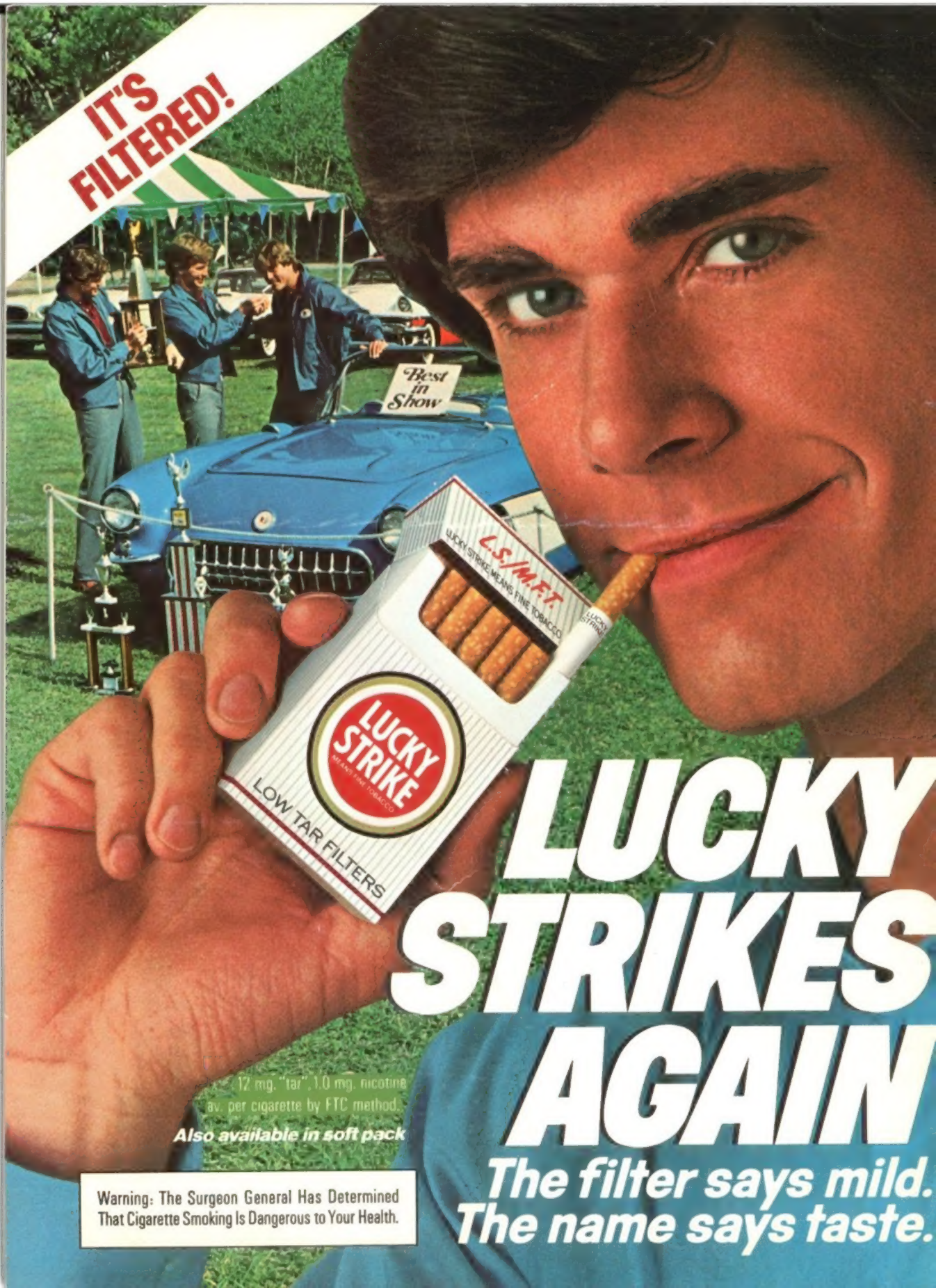
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